

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

The air is thick with rumours of the terrible things which the Powers are to do to Greece if she persists in defying their conjoined wisdom. That wisdom, at present, is chiefly illustrated by the unhappy incident at Canea. The allied ships bombarded the Cretan position outside the town. England and Germany are the most active combatants in this curious and far from dignified assertion of the authority of Europe. The Kaiser is all for punishing the Greeks before anything definite is done on behalf of the Cretans. As punishing the Greeks would in all probability bring about the European war which the diplomatists want to avoid, the desire of the Emperor William has not yet been gratified by more cautious statesmen. Lord Salisbury is believed to have addressed a Circular Note to the Powers declining to sanction the blockade of the Piræus until there is a clear understanding as to what is to be done with Crete. M. Hanotaux has given in the French Chamber the most satisfactory expression of the view to which England, France, and Italy are believed to incline. He has stated positively that Crete cannot be handed back to the Sultan. This means one of two things: the annexation of the island to Greece, or a system of autonomy like to that of Samos and Eastern Roumelia before Eastern Roumelia made a revolution one morning and quietly annexed itself to Bulgaria. Of course, everybody knows that if the Cretans receive autonomy they will take the earliest opportunity of following the Eastern Roumelia example. In that event Turkey would be helpless, and the Powers would probably observe a benevolent indifference, though the German Emperor might demand the burning of Athens. It would be better still if the Powers were to hold a Conference, and appoint the Greeks to occupy and administer Crete, as Austria was appointed by the Berlin Congress to occupy and administer Bosnia. But the jealousies of Europe are such that the Powers will not even follow their own precedents. They talk solemn nonsense about the "integrity and independence" of the Ottoman Empire, and even their spasmodic action has an unpleasant trick of encouraging the Sultan. He alone is to blame for the failure of the "reforms" in Crete. When the island was once more plunged into anarchy, the Powers stood idly by till the Greek intervention forced them into the occupation of Canea and three other towns. It cannot be said that this occupation has so far helped the cause of peace. It appears to have encouraged every Cretan Mussulman to hope that he may still have his revenge on the Cretan Christians. According to official statements in Parliament the fire of the allied ships was directed against the insurgents only when they advanced to a position which threatened the town. On the other hand, it is affirmed with equal confidence that the Turkish garrison made a sortie, and that their retreat was covered by British shells. If the "mixed marines" cannot or will not restrain the Turks from sallying out to fight the insurgents, it is idle to pretend that they are preserving "order." In these circumstances it is not surprising that the Greeks refuse to budge. What guarantee have they that if they withdraw their troops from Crete the Powers will effectually protect the Cretan Christians and make satisfactory arrangements for the total abolition of the Sultan's authority? It is not the Greeks who are on their trial, but the so-called "Concert" which, having egregiously failed in Armenia and at Constantinople, cannot be regarded by public opinion either as a political or moral instrument of unimpeachable sublimity. It must be evident to our own Government that Englishmen are not proud of the recent performance of the British fleet, and that they will not tolerate warlike measures against Greece. This attitude is all the more sensible because it is clear that King George, if driven to desperation, will throw the torch into Macedonia, and make such a blaze as all the diplomacy in the world will fail to extinguish.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE.

After groaning under the Turkish yoke for more than three centuries, the Greeks (of Hellas) at last achieved their independence by an heroic struggle lasting from 1821 to 1829, and in 1833 the crown of their newly formed kingdom was accepted by Prince Otto of Bavaria. But there are bees in the bonnets of most Bavarian Princes, and Otto, sharing the fatal qualities of his house, proved wholly unequal to the position of a constitutional Sovereign. The consequence was that he made a perfect mess—say a hash—of his reign, lasting from 1833 to 1862, and he was expelled his kingdom, or, in euphemistic phrase, he "abdicated," like the late Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. For several years his crown went a-begging throughout Europe—being declined, among others, both by the Duke of Edinburgh and his uncle, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; but at last it was accepted in 1863 by the second son of the present King of Denmark, who, under the guaranteeing ægis of England,

in Europe. If it is hard to rule the Bulgarians, it is harder still to rule the Greeks, but King George has done it well, and in German phrase he has proved a *Mehrer des Reichs*, or *Auctor Imperii*—that is to say, he has enlarged the territory of his kingdom by the "rectification" of the Greco-Turkish frontier after the Berlin Congress, and thus added to the talent which was entrusted to his stewardship.

His Majesty has the grace and beauty of his sister, the Princess of Wales, expressed in masculine lines; and he is sensible, shrewd, suave, cultured, and generally accomplished. In Athenian society he is also very popular—being voted a Sovereign without "side" of any kind. Queen Olga, too, is equally popular by reason of the charms no less of her person than of her mind, and she has always been a great student of the history and antiquities of Greece.

The Crown Prince Constantine, now in his thirty-first year, is a born Greek, so to speak, both in language and religion; and he is brother-in-law to the German Emperor, whose second sister, Princess Sophie of Prussia, he espoused at Athens in October 1889, amid accompani-

ments of pomp and ceremony of which Greece had only seen the like at the King's silver jubilee of rule.

The King's second son, Prince George, who is now in his twenty-eighth year, is at once the sailor and the Samson of his family, being a man of most athletic proportions—as the Japanese fanatic found to his cost who would fain have assassinated the present Czar when touring in the East as Czarevitch. Let the Czar remember that episode, and return the service by not seeking to interfere with Prince George and his torpedo-flotilla in Cretan waters. King George's third son, Prince Nicholas, a Captain of artillery, has been appointed Warden, so to speak, of the Northern Marches.

THE SOUTH AFRICA INQUIRY COMMITTEE.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the first witness examined by the House of Commons South Africa Inquiry Committee on Feb. 16, when its public sittings commenced. The examination was conducted by Sir William Harcourt. About thirty other Members of Parliament, not of the Committee, were present as spectators, as well as the Prince of Wales and several peers, among whom were directors of the South Africa Company. Mr. Cecil Rhodes read a brief written statement to the effect that he had sympathised with the Uitlanders engaged in the gold-mining industry, who had resolved to seek redress by other means than constitutional action or political agitation. He assisted the movement with his purse and influence, and placed on the borders of the Transvaal a body of troops under Dr. Jameson, prepared to act in certain eventualities. The questions put by Sir William Harcourt to Mr. Cecil Rhodes were concerning the supply of money, through Colonel Frank Rhodes, the sending of guns, through Mr. Gardner Williams, the concentration of the Matabililand and Bechuanaland armed police at Mafeking and Pitsani, and the tele-

grams that passed with reference to the time when Dr. Jameson should start on his expedition into the Transvaal. The inquiry is adjourned until Tuesday, March 2.

THE BENIN EXPEDITION.

The chief town of Benin was captured on Feb. 18 by the forces of the Niger Protectorate and the Naval Brigade, under command of Rear-Admiral Rawson, after eight hours' fighting, in which but four white men were killed—including Dr. Fyfe—and sixteen wounded, besides eight or nine among the Houssa troops. The advance from Awako was led by Colonel Hamilton, with scouts, four companies of the Niger Protectorate Force (Houssas), some of the Royal Marines, three Maxim guns two seven-pounders, and a rocket-tube. Ologbo, near the river, twenty-four miles from the town, had been occupied the day before. The conflict was a running fight with the retreating enemy in the dense bush or forest; the heat was extreme, and the troops suffered much from the want of water, but all behaved exceedingly well. The King of Benin fled from his town, with all the Ju-ju heathen priests, whose atrocious rites of consecrated massacre are proved by abundant relics of human sacrifices in the precincts of their temples. These abominations were speedily cleared away.



Photo Martin, Athens.

THE KING OF GREECE.

BORN DECEMBER 24, 1845; ASCENDED THE THRONE, JUNE 27, 1863.

France, and Russia—which each added £4000 a year to his Civil List, bringing it up to the respectable total of about £52,000 per annum—began his reign at the early age of eighteen under the title of George I. Four years later he was married to the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine and niece of Alexander the Czar-Liberator; and from this union—a happy one in all respects—there have issued five sons and one daughter—the latter, Princess Marie, being affianced to a Russian Grand Duke, while the reigning Czar is King George's nephew, so that the dynastic ties between Athens and St. Petersburg are of a very close kind. It remains to be seen how far these family connections will influence the fate of the Hellenic kingdom.

Apart from his education as the son of a poor Prince, the only qualification for the career of a Sovereign which Prince George carried with him from Copenhagen to Athens was some experience as an officer in the Danish Navy. But from the first he determined that his chief hold on the loyalty of his subjects should be their love, and, as his long reign of three-and-thirty years has amply shown, he has proved, on the whole, a most successful ruler over a people so notoriously fickle, factious, and slippery as the modern Greeks. As in Norway, so also there is no aristocracy proper in Greece; and its Constitution, which only provides for one Chamber, is the most Radical of any

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

"His Majesty; or, The Court of Vingolia," the new comic opera written by Messrs. F. C. Burnand, R. C. Lehmann, and Adrian Ross, and composed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, is a frank attempt to rival the immense popular success which has in the past attended the labours of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Burnand, who, as one may suppose, is to be held responsible for the plot, has hit upon a neither very recondite nor very novel



The King of Osturia is upset by the frivolity of Felice, who has crushed his toes with her mysterious valise.

"HIS MAJESTY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

story for elucidation; but his treatment is so clearly Gilbertian that he unfailingly provokes comparison. He employs the sentimental turn, the blind alleys, as they may be called, of nonsensically incontrovertible conclusions, the arbitrary machinery of treaty and law, and the happy unravelling of a gratuitous puzzle, which have altogether for so many years built up the structure of Mr. Gilbert's great popularity. And it may frankly be allowed that the rivalry has been too much, not only for Mr. Burnand, but also for the other gentlemen who have combined with his most creditable efforts. The old unerring instinct, the condensation of phrase, the hard, dry, but certain wit, the absolute mastery of rhyme and metre are no longer apparent; in their place you get,



Felice, masquerading as the Princess, sings a duet with King Ferdinand.

"HIS MAJESTY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

indeed, a certain looseness of high spirits, an irresponsible sort of gaiety, and a make-believe of the genuine nonsense; but you would have preferred an entire independence of spirit, some novel method which would have freed the mind from all thought of Mr. Gilbert instead of directing

it towards an unavoidable measurement which invariably ended in one's finding the imitation terribly defective. The plot, to put the matter briefly, centres round the loves of Ferdinand, King of Vingolia, and Felice, a supposed peasant-girl. The King is engaged by treaty to marry the daughter of Mopolio, King of Osturia, Princess Chloris, who herself is in love with Prince Max of Baluria. Ferdinand is at first known to Felice only as a strolling artist, and his kingship is not discovered by her until she is discovered to be a missing daughter of Mopolio. Thus Ferdinand marries her by the terms of the treaty, and Chloris is made happy with her Max. The plot, then, is nothing, matters nothing; and it scarcely matters anything, either, that in this short analysis the most important part is necessarily omitted as a pure irrelevance—namely, the character of Boodel, the Ex-Master of the Revels to the Court of Vingolia. The material fact is this, that though there is occasional snap, occasional fun, occasional humour in the working-out of the thing, it hangs together loosely, it gives the opportunity to the stealthy yawn, and it sometimes provokes utter oblivion and indifference.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who supplies the music to the opera, might have done better with a better book. As it is, he has qualities which must always command respect and a measure of admiration even when he "demeans himself to give attention to the comic Muse." Even as Mr. Burnand has followed Mr. Gilbert in his literary pathways, so Sir Alexander Mackenzie has followed the creations of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and has made a most gallant attempt to clothe himself with their spirit. This is again a pity. Mackenzie has gifts of his own great enough to strike out a new line of gaiety and humour in music; but whether he finds himself bound by his book, or whether he has feared that the Savoy public will have Sullivan, mock Sullivan, or nothing whatever, he has given his own powers the smallest possible scope in the matter of originality, and has relied almost entirely upon the manners and customs of his chosen ideal. When upon that ideal he hangs his own very real and serious personality, and, letting the Sullivan lightness go, clogs the Sullivan sentiment with learnedly Academic wares, the result, it may be imagined, is not altogether exhilarating. Yet it would be absurd to deny that his score achieves passages of singular beauty. Had he written throughout with the simple and sincerely personal purpose of the duet in canon from the first act, "Who goes there?" with the gentle antique sweetness of Max's song, "Fair Chloris, let me be thy slave," or with the humorous mimicry of the polyglot trio in the second act, he might have positively created that which we all hoped so fervently that he might create, a new form of musical humour worthy of the attention of musicians and the man in the street, yet free from commonplaceness or vulgarity. His orchestration, it goes without saying, is attentive, significant, and distinguished; but he has not inherited the mantle of Elijah. It remains for him to wear a garment of his own.

As to the acting, it was pleasant that so old a Savoy favourite as Mr. George Grossmith should return to the haunt of so many former successes; but he evidently misses the Sullivan ease and grace in his vocal part, and the character of King Ferdinand is otherwise too colourless for him to grasp it with humour. It was odd to find that the singer of the Major-General's song and of the Bunthorne songs from "Patience" should sing the new patter so ineffectively. To him, at all events, the exchange of composers meant much. Mr. Walter Passmore as Boodel bore all the honours of the piece thick upon him, and worked with a gaiety, a spirit, and a joy that brought down the house. Madame Ilka Palma as Felice was charmingly various and gay, and Miss Florence Perry was quite overflowing with exuberance. Mr. Jones Hewson, who has little to do but sing, does that much very successfully, in which feat Mr. Charles Kenningham is no less satisfactory. Mr. Fred Billington as the ridiculous King Mopolio—a most interesting part—does all he can—he can no more; and the chorus sings and acts with unflagging spirit. The opera is mounted with all the lavishness by which the Savoy management has secured for itself so justly honourable a reputation in past years.

"MARIANA," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Although Don José Echegaray has written some sixty plays during the last twenty years, the Spanish playwright has been little but a name to the great mass of English people. Ten years ago Mr. Malcolm Watson produced an adaptation of "El Gran Galeoto," which play and "Folly or Saintliness" was Englished by Hannah Lynch for the Bodley Head in 1895; but not until Miss Elizabeth Robins produced "Mariana" at the Court Theatre on Feb. 22 had the present generation of London playgoers had the chance of appraising him. Mariana is a strange woman, with an emotional bias held in leash by recollections of a painful past and a haunting superstition of a disastrous future. When she was eight, her mother fled with a lover and the child to

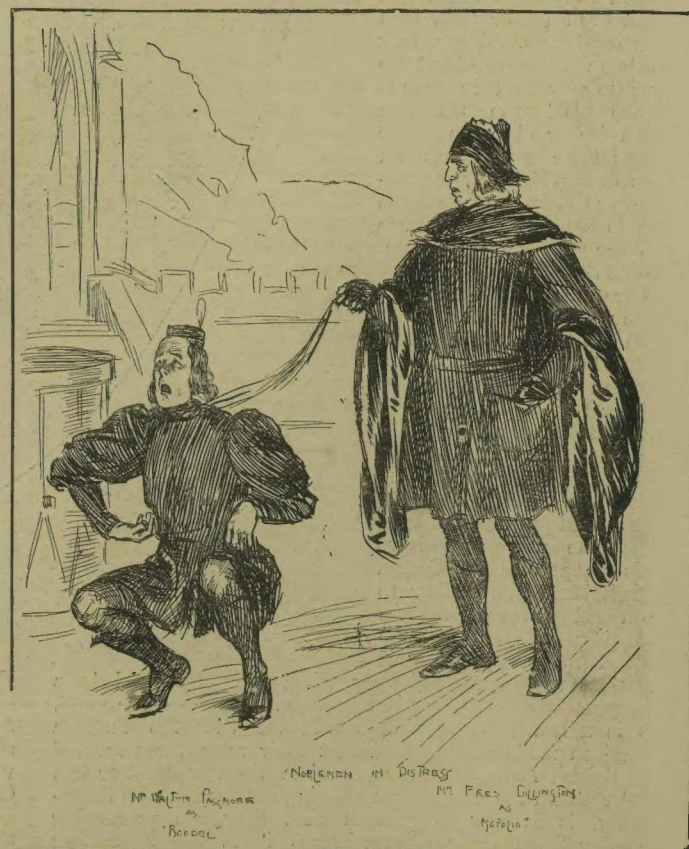
London, to be deserted and done to death. When she grew into girlhood she was affianced by proxy to a husband in Cuba, where she arrived only to find him shot dead in a squabble over a ballet-dancer. With such recollections she goes



"Chloris, if but I may, I come to lay
At thy dear feet the tribute of my heart."

"HIS MAJESTY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

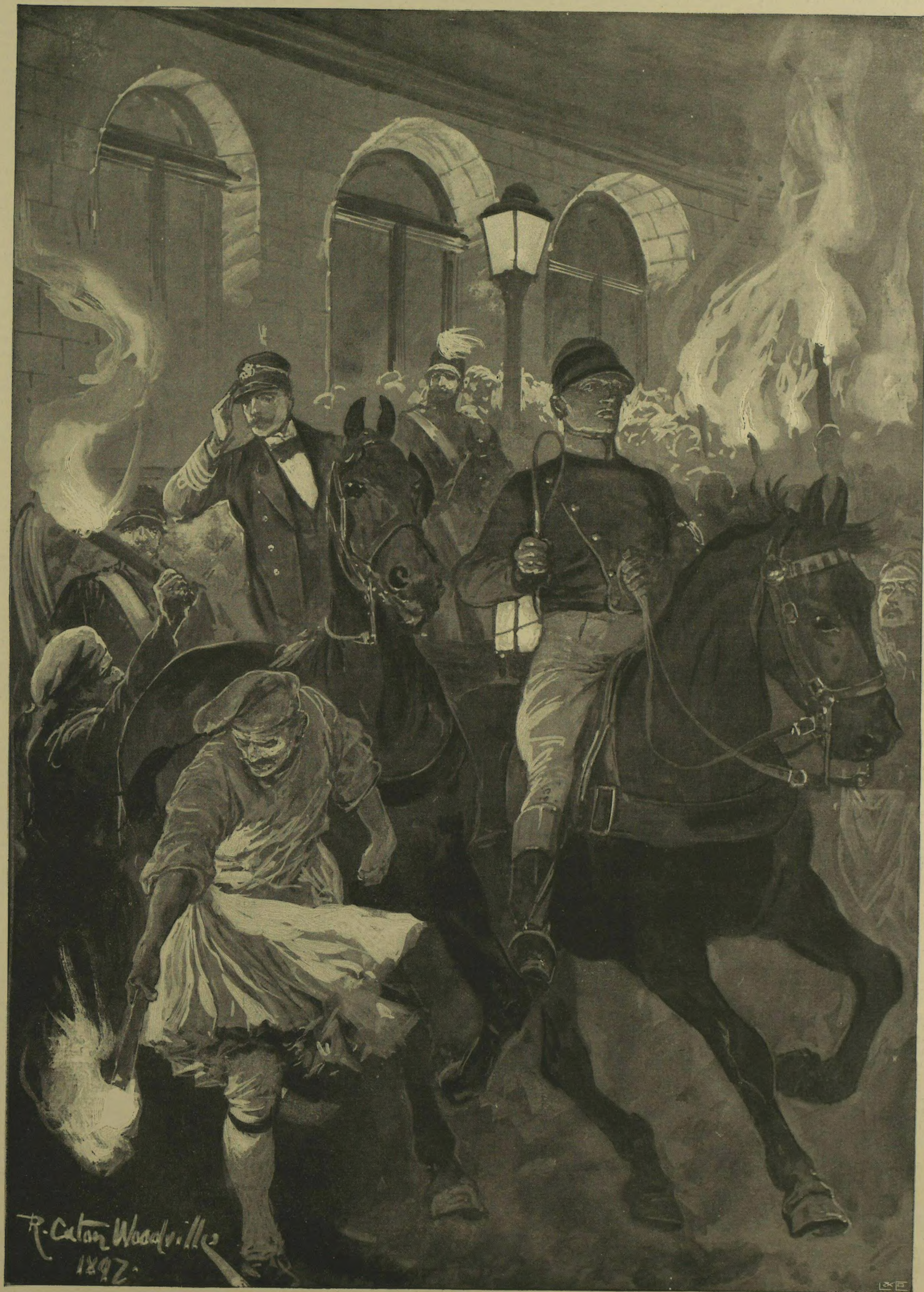
forward, first timorously and then coquettishly, to the advances of a young Madrid cavalier, Daniel de Montoya; and no sooner has her whole nature said him yea, than she discovers that it was his father, masquerading under a pseudonym, who had ruined her mother. An evil fate of faithless men seems to dog her steps, steps which her emotional instincts bid her take, which her mental experiences bid her check; and in order to raise an impassable barrier between Daniel and herself, she marries an elderly general, Don Pablo, to govern, to efface her inclinations. Daniel breaks into her home, and almost succeeds in inducing her to run off with him, when she remembers, and, remembering, summons her husband, who shoots her dead on the spot, while the curtain falls on his going out with Daniel to fight it to the death. "Mariana" is a strong theatrical play, and as such



"Moneyed success ousts the noblesse,
And we are noblemen in distress."

"HIS MAJESTY," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

brought out all the acting qualities of the cast. Miss Robins, as Mariana, was remarkably many-sided; and Mr. H. B. Irving, as her lover, seized his chance as he has rarely done before; while Don Pablo was perfect in the hands of Mr. Edward O'Neill. The other parts are small, but in every instance they were excellently represented: Mr. James Welch, as an elderly antiquary; Mr. Hermann Vezin as Mariana's foster-father; Mr. George Bancroft as a servant; and Mr. Martin Harvey as a Madrid man about town—the last being very clever.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE LEAVING ATHENS FOR CRETE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Tuesday came from Windsor to London, and next day held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. The Empress Frederick remains the guest of the Queen, her mother, but visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Saturday, when they lunched with the Duchess of Fife, it being her birthday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were on that day with the Queen at Windsor. The Bishop of Ripon and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour dined with her Majesty.

A statement has been published, which is now said to have been unauthorised, of the arrangements for the ceremonial on June 22 to celebrate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. There would be a procession, with the whole Court and royal family, and with representatives of every foreign Court or Government and of the British Colonies and India, from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Princes would be on horseback. The Queen would not alight from her carriage to enter the Cathedral, but the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, would be on the steps at the west door to perform a short religious service, after which the procession would go on to the Mansion House, where her Majesty would, in a similar manner, receive an address from the Lord Mayor and City of London. The procession would return westward to Hyde Park, where a great multitude of children would be assembled to greet the Queen. These particulars are still undecided. A medal will be designed and struck at the Royal Mint to commemorate this occasion.

On Saturday, at Barrow-in-Furness, H.M.S. *Niobe*, one of the eight new cruisers of large size constructed for the Royal Navy, two at Barrow by the company of which Lord Harris is chairman, four on the Clyde, and two at Pembroke Dockyard, was successfully launched. This vessel, built of steel, with armour-plating four inches thick along the whole deck, is of 11,000 tons displacement, and will have great speed and carry powerful guns. Lady Harris performed the usual ceremony. Sir William White, Chief Constructor for the Navy, was present.

The President of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, spoke at the annual dinner of the Chambers of Shipping of the United Kingdom on Feb. 17, at which Alderman W. D. Stephens, of Newcastle, presided. He gave statistics of the immense increase of British shipping in Queen Victoria's reign. In 1895 there were 12,356 sailing-vessels and 8356 steamers, with a total tonnage of 27,300,000 tons, calculated in the same way as that of sailing-ships formerly; and this was an increase of nearly elevenfold in the carrying power. The total number of vessels had but slightly increased since 1836; but at that date the largest sailing-ship was one of 1483 tons, whereas now the largest sailing-ship was of 3537 tons, and the largest steam-ship, the *Laconia*, was of 13,000 tons, instead of 1320 tons, the largest in 1836. Sir Donald Currie was now building one of 15,000 tons, at a cost of £600,000. The entrances and clearances of all shipping in the United Kingdom ports numbered in the year 121,400, with an aggregate tonnage of 80,500,000 tons. There were 9,000,000 tons of shipping at present on the register, employing a quarter of a million men.

The subscriptions to the Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Fund amounted to £325,000 at the end of last week, and have since been increased.

Sir Alfred Milner, the newly appointed Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, was received by the Queen on Feb. 18 at Windsor Castle, before going out to succeed Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson), who is expected home in April.

Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, lately commanding the forces employed in putting down the Matabili revolt, was entertained with a public banquet on Feb. 19 at Cheltenham, where he resides; the Mayor, Colonel Rogers, being in the chair. He gave, in his speech, some account of the campaign, highly praising the volunteers at Bulawayo, and said that Government would readily have given him additional troops, but it was impossible to feed or transport them.

A public meeting was held on Friday at St. Martin's Town Hall in favour of the union of Crete with the kingdom of Greece. The Right Hon. James Bryce, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and Sir Robert Reid were the principal speakers. A telegram from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone expressed approval of the movement.

The election of the Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn to be the new Bishop of Peterborough was confirmed on Monday at Bow Church, Cheapside, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Court of Appeal, the Judges being the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Lopes and Chitty, decided on Monday that the managers of an hotel at Brighton had a right to exclude a lady who had stayed there ten months, not being a traveller, and who wanted to reside in the hotel for an indefinite time.

A young German named Oppenheimer, a lodger in the house of Mr. Horace Rylands, Finsbury Park, being required to leave, on Monday fired a revolver at Mr. Rylands, wounding him dangerously, and afterwards killed himself with the same weapon.

Another illegal gambling club, in Earl's Court, Leicester Square, was last week surprised by the police; and the managers, with nearly fifty customers, mostly foreigners, were brought up on Monday before the magistrate, who remanded the former on bail.

On board H.M.S. *Blake*, at Portland, on Monday, the explosion of a steam-pipe severely scalded three men in the engine-room, and a seaman was killed at Spithead by the

sudden swinging of a boom entangling him in a tightened rope. The engineer of a steam-tug at Liverpool was scalded to death by a boiler explosion.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday, M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, made an important speech upon the attitude of the combined European Great Powers with regard to Crete. He declared



Photo Maptimianakis, Athens.

THE EASTERN CRISIS: PAPAMALEKO, ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE CRETAN INSURGENTS.

that the Admirals of their fleets would act together for the restoration of peace and for the protection of the inhabitants, Mussulman and Christian, from massacre and outrage, but that Greece would not be permitted to attempt a war of conquest, which might lead to a general war in Europe. The island of Crete, however, would not again be put under Turkish administration. A majority of 415 votes to 83 approved the Government declaration.

The German Imperial Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, in the Reichstag at Berlin on the same day, made a similar declaration, observing that the action of Greece landing troops in Crete was contrary to international law, and, while disturbing the work of pacification there undertaken by the Powers, caused grave danger to the peace of other nations. There should be a definitive and permanent settlement of Crete, satisfying the just demands of the Christian population.

The American United States Courts of Justice at Baltimore and Philadelphia have been engaged in the

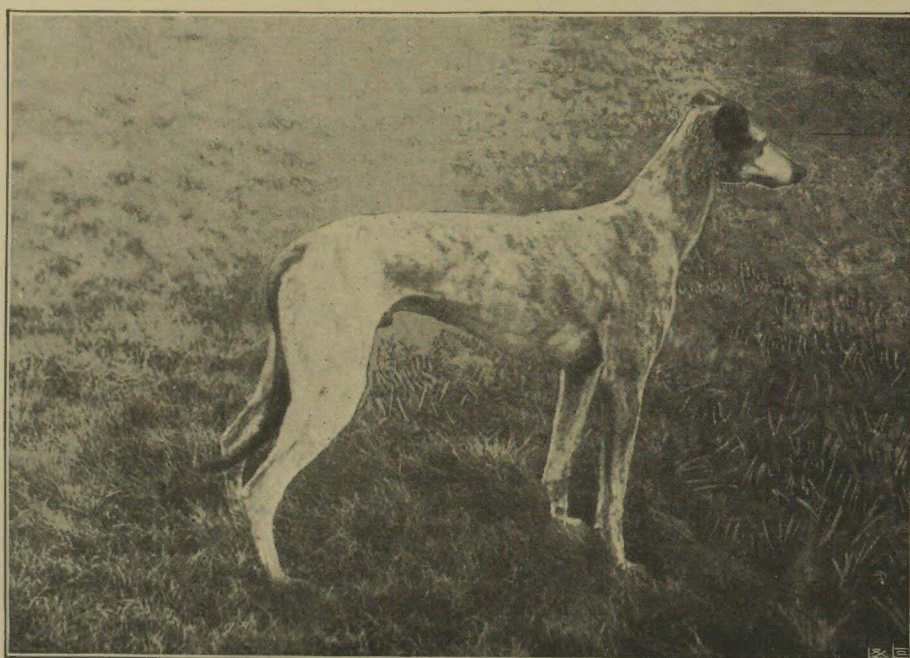


Photo Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

MR. T. HOLMES'S GALLANT, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

trials of several persons charged with fitting out steamers and exporting arms and ammunition to assist Cuban insurgents against the Spanish Government.

Colonel John Hay is the new American Ambassador in succession to Mr. Bayard. Colonel Hay was private secretary to Lincoln, and he has collaborated in an admirable biography of the great President. Other literary efforts—notably a volume of ballads—have given him a considerable standing in American letters. Colonel Hay has all the personal and social gifts which ensure popularity in this country.

The local revolt of some native tribes in Mashonaland, which cost the lives of several troopers of the Cape Mounted Rifles, caught by surprise, now appears to be almost suppressed. The strongholds of two of the rebel chiefs, Chiquaqua and Gondo, were captured on Feb. 20 by Captain Roach, and Soswe's kraal was destroyed by

Major Gosling. The enemy fled to join Kunzi in the Mazoe district, but would be pursued thither, a reinforcement of mounted volunteers having been sent from Cape-town. The chief Galishwe, who began this revolt, still refuses to surrender.

The Royal Niger Company's military expedition in West Africa must not be confounded with that of the Imperial Government's Niger Protectorate which has just captured Benin. Its victory, however, gained almost simultaneously at Bida, several hundred miles up the Niger in the interior, over the hostile Foulahs, a Mohammedan slave-trading nation, is scarcely less important, opening the Nupé and Illori countries to British trade, which may now be extended through Bornu to Lake Chad. Sir George Taubman Goldie, Deputy-Governor of the Company, personally conducted this successful expedition, with a force of six hundred Houssa troops and guns, officered by thirty Englishmen, the enemy being much more formidable than the negro army of Benin.

The Spanish Government troops in the Philippine Islands have won a victory over the insurgents, after ten hours' fighting, at the fortified town of Silang. It was first bombarded with heavy artillery and immediately afterwards captured by assault, several battalions of light infantry descending a steep mountain slope by the aid of ropes. The city of Manila is exulting at the news of this victory. The rebel force is expected to make a final rally at Ymus.

PARLIAMENT.

Crete has easily overshadowed the interest of the Education Bill. The Opposition have now got a cry which inspires them a good deal more than the attacks on the Education Bill in Committee. One of the hottest debates of recent years was raised by Mr. Labouchere's motion for the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the Cretan question, the second motion of the same kind for the same purpose within a week. This time the whole Opposition flung themselves into the fray with a heat excited by the shelling of the insurgents at Canea with British guns. The speeches of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Dillon drew from Mr. Balfour a very guarded statement. This came to little more than that the Government were acting in concert with the other Powers, and that excellent care would be taken to save Crete from any further experiments in Turkish administration. Sir William Harcourt wanted to know why Canea had been occupied by the Powers, and why the squadrons had fired on the insurgents. To these questions it cannot be said that there was any very illuminating reply. Mr. Goschen declared that the insurgents had planted guns in a position that commanded the town, and therefore endangered the position of the "mixed marines"; but as everybody knows that the insurgents are not in the least likely to attack the marines, this explanation of the bombardment seemed a little weak. The Government have their reasons, of course, for a policy of mixed occupation, which, so far, has increased the complications; but pending the outcome of Lord Salisbury's proposals to the Powers, it is not considered prudent to make a complete statement of the case to Parliament. Mr. Balfour has declined to explain the instructions which have been given to the British Admiral, lest this should cause inconvenience to Continental diplomatists. In short, the official information about the condition of Crete is curiously scanty, and the official reluctance to impart any of it is quite in accordance with precedent. The strongest speech in the debate on Mr. Labouchere's motion was made by Sir Robert Reid, who had a rather fierce passage of arms with Mr. Goschen. The First Lord of the Admiralty, by the way, denied that the object of the bombardment was to suppress the insurrection, and he said that pressure had been put upon the Sultan to stop the despatch of Turkish troops to Crete. This statement was excellent as far as it went, but it involved the action of the allied Admirals in greater mystery than ever. Mr. Labouchere's motion was defeated by a majority of 118.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

The win of Gallant in the Waterloo Cup was not expected by the doggy critics, but the pitmen of the North expected Mr. Tommy Holmes's dog to get home, and their joy knew no bounds when the good news became known by the banks of the coaly Tyne, for did not Mr. Holmes win the Northumberland Plate with that sterling mare, Harriet Laws, and later on with Lamiscope? Further, Mr. Holmes has, as theatrical lessee, catered for the amusement of the

Jarrow people, while for years he has figured prominently in local politics. The greyhound Gallant is a brindled dog by Young Fullerton—Sally Milburn. Two years ago he ran into the final for the Waterloo Cup, and was just beaten after a hard course by Thoughtless Beauty. Last year he was much fancied by his party, but was beaten in the second round by Wolfhill, who, it will be remembered, was the runner-up to Fabulous Fortune. Gallant afterwards got beaten in the final for the Plate by Reception. He ran badly for the Netherby Cup last October, and his Longtown form this season was so disappointing that many cursors ridiculed the idea of his being started for the Waterloo Cup. Indeed, it is said that after these performances he might have been bought for £10. This year, however, he gave his opponents no quarter, and in the decider he beat Five by Tricks practically pointlessly. Gallant's win was a feather in the cap of Mr. Graham, who trained the dog for his Altcar engagement.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Henry Currie Leigh-Bennett, who has retained Chertsey for the Conservatives, though with a majority considerably less than half that at the last General Election, comes of an old county family which has occupied the property of Thorpe Place, Chertsey, and held the lordship of the manor for many a long year. The new Member is the eldest son of the late Rev. H. Leigh-Bennett, and is now close upon his

forty-fifth birthday. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple some eighteen years ago, but has latterly devoted more of his energies to local affairs than to his legal practice, being a member of the Surrey County Council for Chertsey, Chairman of the Chertsey Rural District Council, and holding various other offices in a public-spirited fashion which has won him the esteem and confidence even of those of his neighbours whose political creed led them to support his rival in the late election.

The Czar's health is said to be so far restored that he can cycle and shoot rooks. The shooting is done from the bicycle, which argues a good seat, a clear eye, and a steady nerve. Some of us can shoot rooks, some of us can ride the bicycle, but the combination of these feats is extremely rare, even among sportsmen.

Major Bor, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who is in command of the mixed force of gendarmerie which he was commissioned by the Ambassadors of the Powers at Constantinople to organise for service in Crete, has had considerable experience of the Mussulman character to fit him for his post. He has seen a good deal of service in Cyprus and India, and is thoroughly at home in the use of both the Turkish and the modern Greek languages. Major Bor is an Irishman by birth, being a son of the Rev. J. H. Bor, Rector of Dunlewy and Raymunterdoney, county Donegal.

There is no lull in the bye-elections. Mr. Shaw, Liberal member for Halifax, has resigned his seat on the ground that he no longer represents the Radicalism of the constituency. This is an unusual piece of modesty in a Member of Parliament. The Opposition candidate for Halifax is Mr. Billson, but already it is gently suggested to him that he, too, is in the rear of Halifax Radicalism. Sir Savile Crossley is the Ministerial candidate, and Mr. Tom Mann is expected to contest the seat for the Independent Labour party.

The famous chess champion, Mr. W. Steinitz, whose death was erroneously reported at the beginning of the week, lost his reason a short time ago, probably through the disappointment which he sustained in losing the chess championship of the world, which he held against all newcomers for close on thirty years. Steinitz was born in 1836 at Prague, where he spent his student days, save for a period at the Polytechnic

Institute of Vienna. Quite early in life he became a noted chess-player, and won the world's championship at thirty. In 1883 he settled in the United States, where he edited the *International Chess Magazine*. Although the report of his death was not true, the sad fact remains that his health still necessitates his confinement in a Moscow asylum.

It is said that M. Sardou is to have the distinction of being put upon the "Index." This is on account of his new spiritualistic play, which has offended the Catholic clergy in France. As the heroine of "Spiritisme" merely pretends to be a spirit, when she is all the time very much alive, it is difficult to see where an outraged theology comes in. M. Sardou believes in spiritualism, it is true, but, like the expert playwright that he is, he does not sacrifice his work to a theory which has nothing whatever to do with play-writing.

Greeks have reason at this juncture to invoke the memory of Byron. They might with equal aptness invoke the memory of Nelson. At Naples the great Admiral received a present from the Greeks of Zante, who thanked him for having delivered them from "anarchy." Nelson replied that the gift was dearer to him than any other, and that he prized it as the "highest acknowledgment" of his public services. If only the British Admiral in Cretan waters were permitted to copy this example!

The Army has lost a promising young officer by the death of Lieutenant James Dalmahoy Cadell, who succumbed to enteric fever at Jodhpore, Rajputana, on Jan. 12. Lieutenant Cadell was the third son of Colonel Cadell, V.C., and a nephew of Sir Robert Cadell, of Cockenzie House, near Edinburgh, both names honourably connected with the Indian Army. Lieutenant Cadell went out to India on leaving Sandhurst some four years ago, having received his commission in the Hampshire Regiment. He was subsequently posted to the 7th Bengal Cavalry, and thereafter to the Central India Horse. He was known to his fellows as a skilled swordsman and an intrepid rider, and was very popular with all with whom he came in contact. An indirect testimony to the esteem in which the young soldier was held has been contributed by Captain Leslie Young-husband's description of the manner in which Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh, the Regent of the Jodhpore State, laid aside the consideration of his Hindu caste and helped the English officers to place the dead soldier in his coffin and bear him to the cemetery.

Mr. W. A. Hunter, late Member for North Aberdeen, has received a pension of £200 a year from the Civil List in recognition of his services to jurisprudence. Mr. Hunter was compelled by ill-health to resign his seat in Parliament after a long period of active service, especially to the cause of education. Mr. Balfour's action in this matter is entitled to high praise, for Mr. Hunter is one of his political opponents, and has not rendered those services to the Conservative party which were rewarded in so surprising a fashion in the case of Mr. George Brooks.

The stage has lost a loyal friend by the death of Mr. Henry Betty, for many years President of the Dramatic and Musical Benevolent Fund. Mr. Betty, who was born in 1819, was the son of Henry West Betty, who became famous as "The Infant Roscius" by his performance of a round of Shaksperian and other "legitimate" characters while quite a boy, in the early days of the century. The youthful actor made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1804, at the age of twelve, and took the town so completely by storm that in a very few years he found himself the possessor of a considerable fortune. To that fortune his son, the late Henry Betty, eventually succeeded, and, as his father had done before him, showed a prudence in the preservation of it such as has not often distinguished the members of his profession. For the son followed in his father's footsteps, and became a very capable actor of the old-world "legitimate" type, playing many leading parts in town and country. He retired from the stage forty-three years ago, but retained a keen interest in matters theatrical up to the time of his death.

There is to be a great anniversary celebration of the discovery of America by Sebastian Cabot four centuries ago. A committee has been formed in London, Bristol talks of a statue, America is meditating laurels, and Newfoundland is to have a celebration all to itself. It is a pity that old Sebastian cannot return to us and enjoy these tributes. He might give a series of lectures, and tell us what he thinks of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci.

The legion of admirers who have sat spellbound before the rope-walking feats of the great Blondin will regret to hear of his death, which took place at Ealing on Monday last. M. Blondin, who was close upon his seventy-third birthday, came of an acrobat family, and was born at St. Omer. His real name was Gravelet, but his pseudonym was inspired by his blonde complexion, for it was as a fair-haired child of

quite tender years that he began the career as a tight-rope performer which was to bring him worldwide fame. And it was certainly a very remarkable career, not only in the daring of its accomplishment, but in its long duration, for the hero of the rope gave his last performance so recently as August of last year, at Belfast, when he was seventy-two years of age. Blondin's most notable feat was, of course, his crossing of Niagara Falls on a tight-rope in the year 1859. He first traversed the Falls in five minutes before the marvelling gaze of some twenty-five thousand onlookers. A few days later, encouraged by his success, he passed across the rope not only blindfold, but pushing a wheelbarrow before him. Even then he sighed for fresh difficulties to conquer, and the next time he crossed by his perilous bridge he carried a man on his back, and his final triumph over the surging waters of the Falls was made on stilts before the Prince of Wales.

Some account of the successful advance on Benin will be found on another page, but we here reproduce the portrait of Lieutenant and Commander Charles E. Pritchard, whose death is one of the melancholy incidents of the expedition. Commander Pritchard lost his life in the fighting which took place some four miles from Sapoba on Feb. 11, the day before Rear-Admiral Rawson's

Expedition occupied Ologbo, and the day after the detached force, under the Captain of the *Philomel*, had successfully attacked Gilli-Gilli and Gwato. In the preliminary fighting of these three days, before the final advance on Benin, the Sapoba force was the only one of the three divisions to lose any of its members by death, though the casualties at Gwato and Ologbo included several cases of severe wounds. The fighting throughout was more severe than was expected, the natives firing on the advancing troops from lofty points of vantage. Commander Pritchard entered the Navy close on thirty years ago, and was appointed to the command of the *Alecto* last summer. His death is a matter for great regret in naval circles, for he was much respected by all ranks of the service.

Although the advance of the punitive expedition on Benin has been entirely successful, and the cruel massacre of Mr. Phillips's mission has been avenged, the news of the deaths in the ranks of the British force has the sadness of the unexpected. Fatalities hardly seemed to be anticipated in connection with the just punishment of Benin's bloodthirsty King. The death of Mr. S. Ansell, Torpedo-Instructor of Rear-Admiral Rawson's flag-ship *St. George*, has a further sadness for his many friends, in the fact that he had only a few months to serve before he was to return home, on leave, to be married. Mr. Ansell was held in much esteem as an accomplished torpedo-instructor.

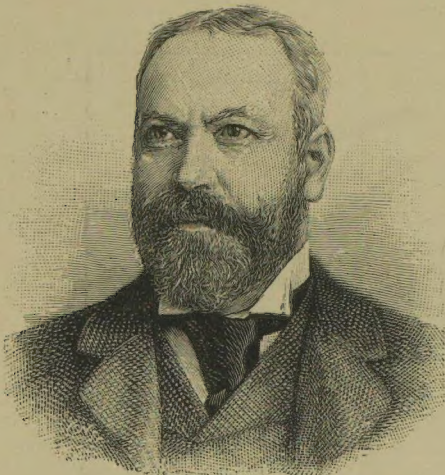


Photo Bates, Chertsey.
MR. H. C. LEIGH-BENNETT,
M.P. for Chertsey.



MAJOR BOR.



Photo Horsburgh, Edinburgh.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT JAMES D. CADELL.

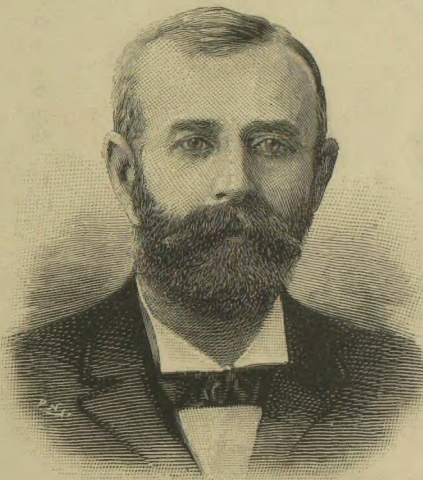


Photo Heath, Plymouth.
THE LATE COMMANDER PRITCHARD.

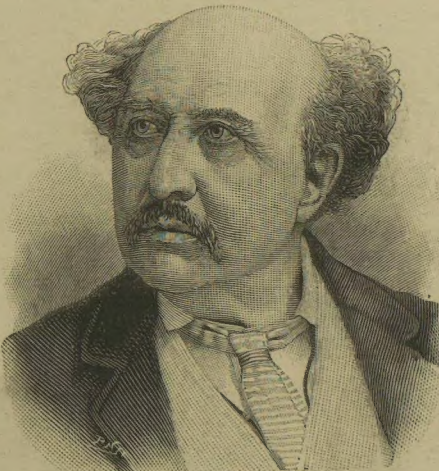


Photo Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.
THE LATE MR. H. BETTY.



Photo Bradshaw, Hastings.
MR. WILLIAM STEINITZ.



Photo Knight, Southsea.
THE LATE MR. S. ANSELL.



SIGNALLING ON BOARD A BRITISH IRONCLAD.

From a Sketch by an Officer on Board one of the Ships off Crete.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

I now return to the events which were not conducted in my presence; namely, those concerned with the Corporal's discovery and the Doctor's conspiracy.

You may be sure that it was not

long before one of the two brothers—the younger—discovered the fact that these two sentinels were posted at the door every night, and that they formed a voluntary escort

out of St. James's Place. As for Sir George, this was a thing which he would not notice. The presence of an escort would seem to him natural and no more to be questioned than the following of a footman. As elder brother, he was more accustomed to these attentions than an officer in the Royal Navy. Besides, he left us every evening, I am quite sure, with his Head as full as his Heart. For the Head said, "She is only a daughter of a bourgeois: of no family: of no connections except those of trade. She is far, far below your rank. You must put her out of your thoughts." And the Heart said, "Nay; but you love her: you have told her so: she loves you: to leave her would be the basest cruelty: arrange some plan, with your Head, so that you may love her still." And always Conscience whispered, "Remember, George, those in high place must not set base examples." With these conflicts going on, do you think it wonderful that he did not notice certain things?

One evening, therefore, the younger brother, after allowing George to enter his own house, stopped in the street outside, and called the Captain.

"Hark ye, Sir," he began with some roughness, "I observe that in the exercise of a zeal which, I suppose, does an officer of Horse Guards credit, you have constituted yourself into a special Guard of Honour to my brother and myself."

Captain Sellinger bowed low. "I would explain, Sir," he began.

"Sir, I know you very well by sight, and you, I suppose, know my brother and myself also by sight."

"I have that honour, Sir."

"Well, Sir, your zeal, let me tell you, is uncalled for and meddlesome. I beg—I command—that it be discontinued."

"When I have explained, Sir—"

"What? When a gentleman wishes to preserve an incognito: when he pays visits which he does not wish to be proclaimed by beat of drum: when he carries his own sword, and is not afraid to use it: to have his privacy invaded by a

volunteer escort? Allow me to say, Sir, again, that it is meddlesome."

"Sir," said the Captain quietly, "you are able to say what you please—"

"Well, Sir, I will say what I please, and I will give you satisfaction afterwards like any other man. Why not bring your troops and trot along beside us? They would look well drawn up every evening in St. James's Place, would they not? Certain ladies of your acquaintance would receive this delicate attention with pleasure, no doubt."

"Sir, I desire nothing but permission to explain. Indeed, Sir, I shall show you the gravest reasons. Believe me, neither presumption nor meddling. . . . But if you will not hear me."

"Go on, then. Explain if you can." He stood upon the doorstep leaning against the pillars of the porch. "Explain, then."

"I will not take long, Sir." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "To begin with, there is a person on the ground floor of this very house who, I have discovered, is a rank Jacobite, and possibly a French spy: of the former there is no doubt."

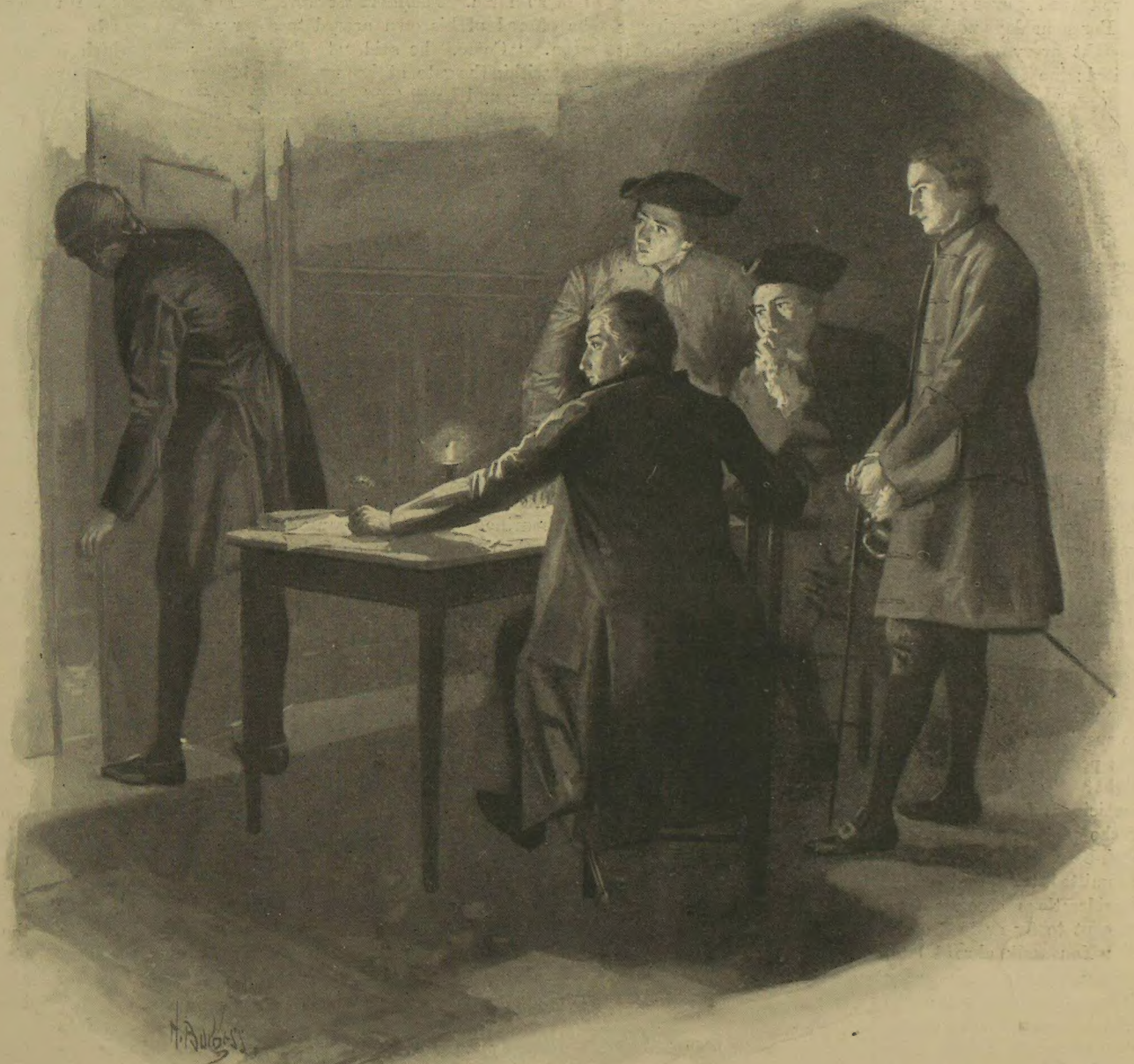
"Jacobite—Jacobite!" He threw up his arms impatiently. "What does it matter, man? Are you so foolish as to believe in that cry? Why, Sir, the Young Pretender is forty and childless, and his brother is in the Romish Church! Jacobite! Let him go to the Devil for a Jacobite! He is a French spy, too, is he? Well—St. James's is not Portsmouth Dockyard. What is he to learn? What mighty secrets will he pick up? Have him to Bow Street and hang him. Is it because there is a Jacobite scoundrel in the house that you think fit to dog my brother's steps every night?"

"Pardon me, Sir. I said there was the gravest reason. I will tell it in short. It is this. Every evening there assembles in this man's lodging on the ground floor of that house in St. James's Place a company of half a dozen: they are, apparently, the grandsons of those English and Irish who followed James into exile: they come and go

without suspicion, because they talk English perfectly: they are over here in the desperate hope of reviving a lost cause. Meantime, they have another matter in hand—which is the grave reason of which I spoke."

"Well, Sir?"

"To-morrow night, Sir, you may remark, if you choose, a coach in waiting. That coach is driven by one of themselves: at Whitehall Stairs there is waiting a boat, manned by two of themselves: down the river off Redriff lies a vessel waiting for them. The ship is called the *Tower of Brill*, of Amsterdam: the captain has been won over in the usual way: when he has received certain passengers, who will be carried up the ship's side, he will drop down the river: he will then make for Calais, and be taken by the French, who will learn when they get into port the names of the passengers."



The Doctor's friends came every evening to his lodging, where they waited.

"The names of the passengers? Who are they, then?"

"Your brother, Sir, and yourself."

"The Devil! How are they to get hold of us?"

"I have told you, Sir. Every evening that company is assembled in that Jacobite's room looking for an opportunity to seize you both at the bottom of the stairs, and carry you away, prisoners, to France."

"To seize us—seize my brother?" But he said this in a whisper. "To carry us away? Man—this is some foolish joke."

"No joke at all, Sir. It is plain truth, as I can show. Now, Sir, with this conspiracy before you—say—was my interference justified? Was I to lay the matter before the magistrates and cause those ladies to give evidence, and—"

Edward put up his hand. "Captain Sellinger," he said, "this is a serious business. I must think for a moment."

He was silent for some minutes. "Are you quite sure of your information?" he asked. "From whom did it come to you?"

"From a Corporal in the Horse Guards—a man of education, who speaks French and overheard their conversation. I can show you this evening, Sir, if you please, how they meet. The coach you can see for yourself."

"Then, Captain Sellinger," Edward replied, "I thank you." So he held out his hand, which the other, bowing low, touched with his fingers. "Forgive me, Sir, for my haste. I am to blame. I should have known that a gentleman must have had his reasons. What do you advise?"

"With submission, Sir, that we continue the nightly watch. There will be no attempt, I am sure, where there is the certainty of a fight. A sudden and unexpected rush of five or six upon two might succeed: not a rush provided for against four armed men. These kind of conspirators are mighty coy about the clashing of steel and waking the neighbours. They desire a noiseless abduction, with gags and handcuffs. If they still persist, it would be well to warn them."

"The business wants careful handling. We must keep the ladies out of the affair: we must keep my brother out of it. No breath of it must get about to his detriment. This Corporal of yours—is he an honest fellow?"

"I believe him to be so. He is a fellow of many accomplishments and vain, but honest and zealous."

"For my own part I should like a brush with the villains—you beside me and the gallant Corporal distinguishing himself behind. I am not sure whether we can contrive to keep my brother in ignorance. However I shall try. Above all things, his name must not appear publicly, and his person must not be put into any danger, if that is possible. Tell your man, Captain, to continue his silence. We will talk of this business again when I have turned it over in my mind."

For some days nothing more was done; the coach was brought every evening to St. James's Place, where it waited: the Doctor's friends came every evening to his lodging, where they waited: and every evening they were balked by the accidental presence of Corporal Bates in the kitchen and about the passage, whistling and singing so that there could be no doubt concerning his presence, while outside, in St. James's Place, for some purpose of his own, doubtless to meet a girl, Captain Sellinger strolled about the Place or waited in the doorway. From time to time the Doctor would get up and look out, as if to ascertain the weather: his door was kept ajar, so that any footsteps could be heard: regularly at ten o'clock, when the two gentlemen came downstairs, the Corporal was standing at the bottom of the stairs ready with a salute, and the Captain was standing on the doorstep; and if the conspirators made a rush it would be met by these two defenders first.

What did the Doctor suspect? I cannot tell. The coach, I say, continued to come every evening. I conjecture that they were resolved to wait until an opportunity should occur, and that they thought this opportunity would certainly occur before long. I conjecture, further, that they had no thought of murder, which would be useless, but of seizing the person. If they had desired murder they might bring six or more against four and so set upon them; but it was plainly their interest to avoid bloodshed: now when swords are crossed even in self-defence, one cannot say who will receive a thrust. Meanwhile it is also certain, in my mind, that they had no suspicion that their purpose was discovered. Else why this perseverance in making everything ready night after night? Their very security showed that they had no suspicions: for this security would have been impossible if the plot had been known, in which case there would have been no delay, but they would all have been seized, committed, tried, and executed in the usual way. These considerations account for the fact that they made no attempt to fly or to disperse themselves.

"You walk abroad late, Captain Sellinger," said the Doctor, one morning. "Last night I went forth to watch the stars, and saw you in the Court: the night before, if I mistake not, I heard your footsteps."

"Doctor, if a little friend sometimes came to talk to you in this quiet Court, where there is no one except a cursed mysterious coach which waits every evening for someone, would you like to be watched?"

"Oh! If a woman is in the case, Captain—one has been young—"

"The nights grow cold. In a few days I fear she will come no longer."

That night the coach came not, nor did the company gather in the Doctor's room. Yet soon after the coach appeared again, and the men came again. They had not lost their hopes of an opportunity.

On another occasion—"Captain," said the Doctor, "advise me. The fellow who lives in the garret—Corporal Bates by name—"

"What of him, Doctor?"

"A noisy fellow. He disturbs me in the evening. When one would be writing or reading, or perhaps sleeping, he walks about the passage whistling. He goes in and out the kitchen and drinks."

"He is not in my Company, Doctor. I cannot speak to him. But bid Molly the maid tie a dish-clout to his coat-tail. Or make his wife jealous."

That was all that the Doctor and his friends got by their interference. Yet it showed uneasiness. It is certain that they feared all was not right.

As for my cousin and myself, we knew nothing. For my own part I lived in a Fool's Paradise, *i.e.*, in the Paradise which every woman desires for herself, the Paradise of Love. This gallant young gentleman loved me: so brave and so handsome; so rich and so highly placed, he loved me, when he might have chosen among the noblest ladies of the land: he had chosen me: he loved me: he loved me. While I sat with those words day and night ringing in my brain, downstairs went on the plots and conspiracies of those villains and the devotion of those two, the Captain and the Corporal, thwarting and preventing.

The patience, both of conspirators and of guard, is shown by the time during which the former waited for an opportunity, and the latter continued to interpose obstacles. Consider the time that the watch continued. Yet the thing was worth patience and watchfulness incredible. We went to Marylebone Gardens on the last day of September; the plot was then discovered and in the possession of Captain Sellinger. He began his watch and escort and continued both, as you shall see, for more than three weeks. When the coach was waiting in the place, the Captain and his companion patrolled the open square and guarded the steps and the stairs. What put an end to the business you shall learn in due course.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PALACE AND THE COURT.

You have read how Sir George turned the conversation when my cousin or I expressed a desire to see the Court and Palace of St. James's. The King was old: one must not annoy the King: our loyalty would be best shown by not attempting to enjoy the privilege of seeing the Palace: and so forth. Therefore we were greatly surprised when he offered of his own accord to show us what was to be seen. "Come," he said, "to the Colour Court, which is that within the gate, at the mounting of the guard to-morrow morning, and I will try to let you see everything."

You may be sure that we joyfully accepted the invitation. For my own part, I understood that something, I knew not what, was intended for me, especially, by this invitation, and I dressed with some trepidation yet with happy expectancy. What he chose to do would be well done.

The mounting of the guard at eleven every morning is a pretty sight: we had often witnessed it from the end of St. James's Street. First marches the band headed by the drum major, a very majestic person, over six feet high and carrying a gold-headed staff: after him the "trumpets and shawms," that is to say, men in cocked hats and scarlet uniforms blowing strange instruments: then two little boys, pretty little fellows, who look as if they ought to be still in a Dame's school, with drums: then a great fat negro with a turban carrying the big drum, and on either side another negro with cymbals and tambourine. Then a company of twenty-four drums and fifes: then the Captain or Colonel with his sword drawn marching before the ensign who carried the colours; lastly, the guard of the day, fellows so well shaven and so finely dressed that you would not believe their daily work was that of the humble, though useful, coal-heaver.

At eleven the next morning, therefore, we repaired to Colour Court. When the Guard had left the Court Sir George came to us dressed in scarlet with his star and a glittering order on his breast. "I am here," he said, "as a kind of official: do not be surprised when they salute me. I have ordered that none are to be admitted except on the King's business while you are here. You will have the Palace to yourselves, ladies, except for the private apartments of the King."

So saying, he led the way. I observed that wherever we met one of the Palace servants, or any gentleman belonging to the Court, our guide was saluted in the most respectful manner possible, everybody falling back out of our way and bowing low or saluting.

I forget most of the things we saw, and, indeed, it does not greatly matter, because the importance of the morning lay not in the State rooms of the Palace, but in the words which were spoken in them.

First we went into the Chapel, where the King every

year makes his offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Here, also, we learned, the Sovereign formerly touched for the King's Evil, working miracles daily.

"If," said our guide, "the King reigns by Divine permission, there would seem nothing ridiculous in the function which George I. discontinued."

"But," I said, "we all live by Divine permission: and all we do or say is only what we are permitted: yet we do not work miracles."

"I do not press the point," he replied. "What divines ordain or decide that do I accept with humility. The King touches no longer, by the ruling of the Church. It is enough. Let me show you, next, the State rooms." These rooms are called Queen Anne's Room, the Throne Room, the Armoury, and others which I forget. The rooms were large and lofty, opening one out of the other: in one or two there were card-tables and chairs: all had thick carpets and heavy curtains: there were gilded chairs and sofas: there were very large looking-glasses, hanging chandeliers, carved cornices and chimneypieces with coats-of-arms and crowns and initials: among them those of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. There were also pictures, chiefly portraits. Here were the two Princes of Wales who died young: Arthur, son of Henry VII.; and Henry, son of James. Here is Jane Seymour, the Duchess of York, Charles I. in Greenwich Park: and I remember a famous picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise. As for the rooms themselves, they were full of memories. I looked about in curiosity. Here Queen Mary died—in great misery and deserved: here King Charles slept—if he could sleep—on the night before his execution: here Queen Anne lived and died: these rooms are full of history: great Lords and Ladies fill them in the imagination: here are held the grand Levées and Drawing-Rooms: here the King and the Court hold their great gambling nights at the New Year: here are the Court Balls: here the foreign Ambassadors are received and the Deputations from the City of London and elsewhere: here the Privy Council assemble.

"Yes," said Sir George, "the rooms have many memories. For my own part, I think more of Westminster than of St. James's. A King in Westminster Palace was a King indeed. One would rather be Edward the First than—even—George the Second. However, I will now take you to a part of the Palace which the public are not allowed to see."

He took us by some corridors, empty and deserted, to a door which he opened. A porter, sitting on a chair half asleep, jumped up and stood with his hands down, ready for service. "Where is the King?" asked our guide.

"His Majesty is in the Palace Garden, Sir," the man replied.

"We can walk round, then. I am going to show the King's own private rooms. And first, these"—he led the way—"are the private rooms of the late Queen." It was a suite, or collection, of rooms containing the bed-chamber with a great bed richly hung with velvet and gold fringes: the little bed-chamber for the Queen's personal attendant: the room for the robes: the dressing-room: and the withdrawing-room. "All is kept exactly," whispered Sir George, "as the Queen left it: the furniture undisturbed: the robes hanging as they were. She was a great woman, greater than the world will ever know. Come."

We left the room hushed by the presence of death and the emotion expressed on our conductor's face.

"You have spoken with the late Queen, Sir George?"

"Thousands of times. She was good enough to—to—love me."

I said no more and he led us away.

He showed us next the King's private rooms: his bedroom: his writing and reception-room: his dining-room: and so forth. Of course, one knows that not even a King can eat or drink more than a subject: nor can he take up more room: yet one was perhaps astonished to observe the simplicity with which their rooms were furnished.

"You see," Sir George remarked, smiling, "why the public must not be admitted to these rooms: in their eyes the King must always appear in robes of State: if with a crown upon his head, so much the better: if on horseback in gilded armour, so much the better still. That he should appear as a good old man, living in quiet ease without any State except on State occasions, would perhaps cause the loss, or, at least, the decay of his magnificence as King. It is the same with other dignities: the Judge does well to confine himself to the society of other Judges: the Bishop must consort with Bishops: the General must not descend to the merchant's company. Authority is kept up by dignity: and dignity cannot admit of familiarity save among equals. The world has not yet learned to separate the office from the man: otherwise, in his moments of leisure, the King might walk about Pall Mall or watch the humours of the Park, seated among his people on a chair."

There certainly was an aspect of homeliness not only in the King's own room but about the whole Palace. The Guard in the Guard-room lounged about: the servants sat about: there was a sleepy look in the courts and in the brick walls. But I was pleased to have seen it all.

"It was different," said our conductor, "while the Queen lived. Then the discipline of the service was sharper: Guards and Yeomen knew their duty, and did it with alacrity. The King is old: the Queen is dead: there are no longer the State balls and card-parties and

receptions. When the—the successor arrives, he will have to restore that strictness of outward ceremonial which keeps up the kingly dignity." He sighed heavily. "Little ease hath he who wears a crown. No solitude: no moments to himself: much care and little ease." He sighed again. "And now," he went on, "there is little more to show you. The King's Library has been given to the British Museum, where no doubt it will prove of greater use. Reading is not at present much cultivated at Courts. What? I said before that we who make history are not concerned about reading it, save for instruction in youth. Thus, it is useful for an English King to learn that Richard the Second was ill advised when he seized on the savings of the merchants: the Stuarts might have been reigning still had not Charles the Second shut up the Exchequer and so robbed the City of a million and a half, for which they never forgave him. Yet the King must defend his own prerogative or he would not be King." He spoke as if to himself. "Come," he said, "you shall see the Queen's Library."

The Queen's Library stands apart from the Palace in the gardens in the west: it is a small building with one or two pictures.

"The Library," said Sir George, "was built for Queen Caroline. She wanted books of a lighter kind than the old folios which have now been sent to the Museum. Her ladies came here in her lifetime: it has been of late neglected, but you should see it."

We looked round at the books. Some were on the table: some were on the floor: some were lying carelessly about the shelves. Sir George turned to my cousin. "You would like to look at the books, Madam. Walk round the Library and see for yourself what the late Queen loved to read."

Isabel smiled and left us.

Then Sir George took my hand and led me to a chair which was in a window looking over the garden.

At that moment the door at the other end of the room opened and there entered an old man leaning upon a stick: an old man of singular aspect, had one met him in the street: he was followed by two servants who stood at the door while their master entered the room and looked round.

"It is the King," said my lover. "I must speak with him." He walked down the room and knelt on one knee.

"George!" cried the King, surprised. "You in the Library?"

"Yes, Sir. I trust your Majesty is well this morning."

"Ay—ay—well enough. Come to see me presently, when you have left your friends." So he looked at me curiously: shook his head, as if he could not remember my face, and went out again.

"He comes to look at the Library," said George, "because it was the Queen's. Otherwise he loves not reading. But he loves everything that belongs to the memory of his wife."

And even then I did not guess: I had no suspicion: not the least.

And now I understand it all so well: what was in his

mind: the sacrifice that he was ready to make: the meaning of it all: how love had trampled upon interest: and how he was prepared even to give up his inheritance after himself to his brother. He would give all—all—all—for my sake—mine.

"Be seated, Nancy. Oh, my dear! my dear!" He kissed my hand regardless of Isabel's presence: but I think she was among the books. "I have brought you here, dear, because—because"—he hesitated a little, "I thought to show you what should have been the ending of that story of Lord Burleigh and his country maid. He took her to see his castle—his stately castle. Burleigh House is a very noble place: he showed her all over it: his rooms

My heart bids me tie myself to thee for life—so that none but the call of God shall part us."

CHAPTER XVI.

"INVEST IT IN MY BUSINESS."

Robert Storey called again—his last visit it proved. He came the day after our voyage up the river, when the words of my lover were still ringing in my brain, with the accompaniment of sweet music, all in fantasy, as happens when one is happy and hears voices singing and silver bells ringing, and melodies hitherto unknown. The sight of the man jangled the bells, and made discords instead of the

music. Not only the prim decorum of his dress, the self-satisfaction in his face—these were things which one expected in the worthy bookseller—there was also visible a certain purpose in his face. Yet I received him with an appearance of graciousness.

"I have left our cousin," he said, "in the shop. She is talking with a traveller lately returned from Siberia (if his word can be taken: but we have many pretended travellers). He has been telling her of the cannibals who dwell in that unknown country (but one of my poets swears that the traveller hath been seen of late in Grub Street). He is to issue his 'Description of Siberia' by subscription. I doubt not that he will have our cousin's name and guinea before he leaves her. A plausible fellow in discourse, and once at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. When I left them, he was beginning upon the marriage customs of those distant islanders. Apparently they have never heard of the English Church." He shook his head sadly, sighed, and asked permission to sit down. He did so, carefully arranging the correct disposition of his legs, and thrusting, as was his wont, one hand in his bosom.

"When I came last," he said, "I allowed myself to fall into some heat of temper because it pained me to watch the continuance of an acquaintance which from the incompatibility of rank and station, can never become more than a passing incident—

pray Heaven not a painful incident!—in the history of a beautiful though unfortunate young lady."

This was the introduction or preface to what followed. I hope my readers are as well satisfied with it as the author appeared to be.

"You mean something, Mr. Robert, I daresay."

"I always mean something. One of my satirists told me yesterday when I gave him three guineas, that my words are of gold, like the Greek Father named Socrates, which means, unless my Greek is rusty, he with the golden mouth. What I say, Miss Nancy, is received by my friends as well as my dependent poets, as something worth the hearing. The sayings of Robert Storey, perhaps, will prove hereafter as worthy of record as the 'Table Talk' of Selden, of which I have a share, with six other booksellers."

"Will you kindly proceed to your meaning then? If Isabel grows tired of her Siberian she may return, and so



"Oh! oh! oh!" he mumbled, still on his knees.

of State, his courtyards, his Halls, his Chapel, his Park: everything. And when she understood who and what he was—how great his state—he took her away again—to her old home and said, 'My dear, it is not in that great gilded place that you can love me: it is in some rustic cottage like your own, whither I can steal when I can from the cares and forms of State.' What say you, Nancy?"

"Will your State be so very great—as great as that of the Lord Burleigh?"

"It will be greater. It will be—something—something like this."

And even then I never guessed.

I gave him my hand. "Oh!" I whispered. "I am all yours. Do with me—dispose of me—as both your heart and your honour decide."

Again he kissed me, but on the forehead.

"My honour bade me show thee these things, Nancy."

you may lose your opportunity. For, Mr. Robert, I suppose you wish to speak to me alone."

"With your permission. Ahem! The—the gentleman who comes here nearly every day, with whom you have been seen at Marylebone Gardens and on the river in a barge, with music, is attracted by a lovely face. Naturally—for a gentleman. We in business do not consider the beauty of our fair customers. Handsome or ugly makes no difference in the buying of books. You may believe me, Miss Nancy, when I assure you that although in business hours I must not have any eye for beauty, yet out of business hours, when I might relax from this severity, respect for my own reputation, on which a tradesman's success greatly depends, would not allow me to run after a pretty face if I wished to do so."

"Indeed, Mr. Robert, I am quite sure that you are incapable of running after a pretty face."

"What respect, indeed, should I receive from my poets if I were thus to betray the amorous propensities which they are constantly singing and praising?"

"Do you think, Mr. Robert, that this subject is the most proper one in the world to discuss with me?"

"I introduced it, believe me, for contrast only. That I do not run after pretty faces is due not only to my principles, which would, I believe, resist Helen of Troy herself, but also to my calling, which necessitates a reputation for virtue. Every bookseller should be christened Joseph, even though his temperament should incline him rather to the character of Solomon."

"Mr. Robert, I do not know you this morning."

"I mean, then, that a tradesman of virtue, like myself, is as capable of the passion of love as the greatest man in the country."

"I hope, Sir, that an honest love for a worthy object—if there be any woman worthy of Mr. Robert Storey—will reward these present privations."

I believe that if you humour a man in accordance with his vanity you may say what you please. He took this remark as a confession of admiration and bowed, smiling.

"There is, then," he continued, "this difference between myself and a gentleman. While I am heedfully employed in making a profit by getting copy from an author (whose necessities make him take what I offer, while his unbridled greed makes him still dissatisfied) a gentleman has nothing to occupy his thoughts, and therefore suffers them to rove at will. If he sees a pretty girl, he instantly follows her: converses with her: makes love to her, regardless of consequences which will not injure him. It is the way with his class—his rank. A woman, he thinks, is a creature made for love, and especially for the love of a gentleman. It is condescension in him to offer love: it is an honour in her to accept love. In my rank—the happier because the more virtuous—we do not speak much of love before we tie the nuptial knot. Then, believe me, no nobleman could be more affectionate, no gentleman so constant."

"I believe that you are come again in order to malign certain friends of mine. Mr. Robert, once for all, you need not continue."

"I come, Miss Nancy, with a more important object than that. I have nothing to say against this gentleman. He comes here in order to enjoy your society. His behaviour, I am informed, by your cousin, is as admirable as your own most honourable principles would demand: can I say more than that I believe this assurance?"

These words naturally softened me. "Since you admit that he is a man of honour, Mr. Robert, I am satisfied. You can therefore go on."

"I admit, moreover, that he comes here after you. I do not doubt that he greatly admires, and perhaps loves, you. Who can be surprised? Who can for a moment doubt it? What I would ask you, most earnestly, Miss Nancy, is this: What is to be the end of it?"

"In reply, Mr. Robert: What right have you to ask this question?"

He did not answer this question. "Consider, I beseech you," he said, "the position of this gentleman. Consider only what it means."

"Do you know his position?"

"Of course I know."

I understand, now, that he could not believe that I did not know; yet if he had only spoken to Isabel he would have learned, at least, that we did not know.

"Do not, I entreat you," he added "deceive yourself by the belief that no one else knows. I recognised them at the very first evening, when I ran away, as you said. Captain Sellinger knows; that Corporal of Horse Guards knows; the tall lean man on the ground-floor knows: he is said in my shop to be a Jacobite. Sometimes he looks in to ask after rare books. He was talking to me about other things, and from what he dropped, I am certain that he knows your friends."

Everybody knew, except me. And I was not anxious to know. My lover was a man of exalted rank—an Earl, perhaps: or, indeed, I knew not, never having been taught to respect rank, which is an accident of birth. He would tell me himself, in his own good time.

"So, Miss Nancy, since so many people know; and since we cannot stop their tongues; all the world will soon know."

"Well, Sir?" This kind of talk began to vex me.

"If a gentleman is his own master, why should he not visit whom he pleases?"

"His own master? Yes. But for how long? The old man is now getting on for eighty. For how long?"

"I know nothing about any old man."

"Tut-tut!" he said impatiently. "Consider, I say, the position. It is impossible for him to marry you. It is perfectly impossible—it is out of the question—not to be thought of. You must acknowledge that."

"I acknowledge nothing."

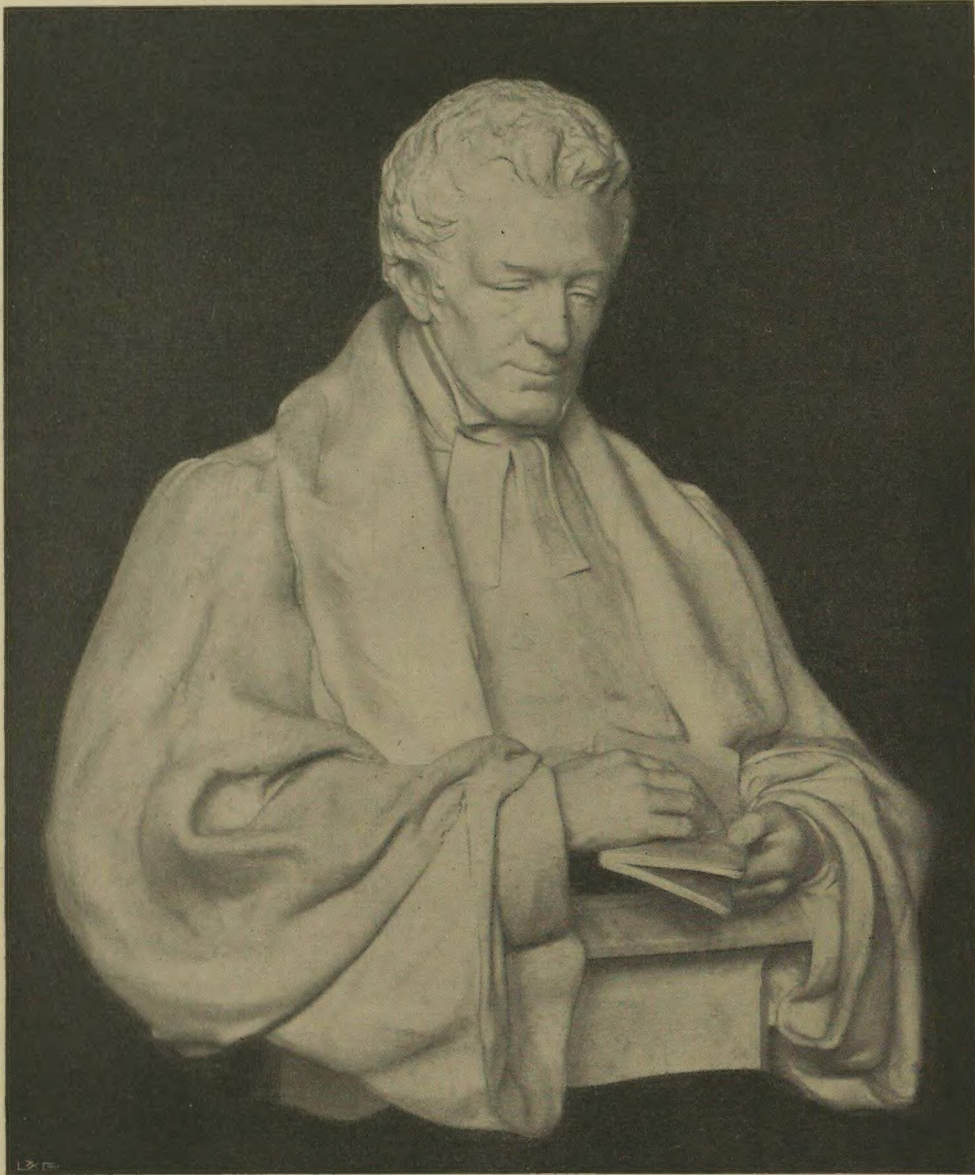
"You cannot entertain the thought! It would be madness!"

"Mr. Robert! Pray understand once for all that I cannot speak of these things to you."

"If not marriage, then—what?"

I rose. "Mr. Robert, your talk on this subject is nauseous. Have done, or you will drive me out of the room."

"Well, I have spoken." He kept his seat, as if resolved to say something more. "Pray sit down again, Miss Nancy. I will sin no more, even for your sake, in this respect. I must now tell you that, being in the City yesterday, I came upon your brother, Mr. Joseph, in a coffee-house. I told him, perhaps incautiously, that you were in good health and staying near the Palace of St. James's with the widow of my cousin, Reuben Storey. That, he said, was with his consent, but he would call here when next his business takes him to London."



BUST OF DR. ARNOLD UNVEILED AT RUGBY.

"Joseph," I said, "may be my brother and even my guardian. But he is no longer my master. Nor shall he be, henceforth."

"You are warned, however, that he is about to visit you. It may be to-day: it may be to-morrow—or next week. I know not how often his affairs call him to the City of London or to this end of town."

"Well, Mr. Robert, is that all you had to say? You are, indeed, a messenger of good tidings."

"One thing more, Miss Nancy. I would in cold blood renew the proposal which last I made in passion. You are now in a perilous position: your reputation, if certain things were known, would be more that cracked: I offer to take you out of the meshes which surround you. Miss Nancy—he drew out his hand from his bosom and fell upon his knees—"I offer you—myself. I care nothing for what may be said: I take you as you are. Your fortune will be put into the shop. I offer you a good business, a careful and prudent manager of that business, a loving and tender husband, and a partner who will be respected through life for his manners and for his probity. He is also not without learning."

"Get up, Sir! Mr. Robert," I said, nothing moved by his earnestness—because he must have been very much in earnest to offer thus to repair a reputation which he certainly believed to be cracked. At the time I did not understand in this his insult to my good name, nor his eagerness to get my money. "Get up, Sir; dismiss this matter from your mind at once."

"Why?" he asked, still on his knees. "Nothing stands in the way, so far as the world and your brother know. It is but cutting a knot. I will marry you at once, by license—to-morrow. You need not pain yourself by saying farewell to your illustrious lover: you will only have to leave the house—and him—for ever. I will make Joseph render an account of thy fortune. Consider, my dear Nancy. I cannot bear to think that things will be said about thee. So lovely—so bewitching. Oh!" he caught my hand and tried to kiss it. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" he mumbled.

"Get up, I say, Mr. Robert. How can the man make such a fool of himself?"

Thus adjured, he rose, and taking his handkerchief, brushed off a little dust from his knees. Thus did prudence govern passion in this excellent man of business.

"You will want a man of business," he added, "to make Joseph disgorge and to invest your fortune prudently. I will become that man of business. In my own calling I can invest with safety as much money as I can lay hands on. Nancy, I know of shares in books to be had cheap: and there is money in them of which no one else knows. Marry me, Nancy. You shall invest your money in my shop. You shall have a chariot. You shall have a country house with a garden—what do I care about a cracked reputation?"

I sprang to my feet. "Sordid wretch!" I cried. "To pretend love when all thy thoughts are of money! Go! Leave me. The man—whose shoe-latchet thou art not worthy to loose—is the noblest, truest, purest heart that beats. Go! Let me never see thee or speak to thee again! Go! Lest I . . . but go—go!"

I sank back into my chair and turned my head from him.

"I obey," he replied hoarsely. "I am a sordid wretch. Your brother Joseph will come here in a day or two. You will have to explain a great deal more—a great deal more, I say—than a change of faith. He shall know all before he comes."

So he left me. His threats concerned me little, because I hardly knew what he meant by a cracked reputation—certainly not all he meant. But I confess I was not anxious to meet Joseph. I was willing to avow that I could no longer remain in the Society of Friends: I could tell him that I now loved and practised all those things which, according to the illiterate Founder, send souls in multitudes to the abode of Devils—namely, music, painting, dancing, dress, poetry, books of the imagination. All that mattered nothing. I had the support—the strong arm—of the man who loved me; who kissed me and called me his tender sweetheart—his lovely mistress—and other sweet things which I cannot write down even after these long years. I had, I say, the support of this man for whose sake I had been baptised and received into the Church of England.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIAL TO DR. ARNOLD.

Rugby School now possesses yet another memorial of its great Head Master, Dr. Arnold, in the form of a bust which was unveiled the other day by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of a large gathering. In a graceful address Dr. Temple very fitly reminded his hearers that the great benefit conferred upon his country by Dr. Arnold is the assertion of the true purpose of all education as the training of character. Arnold realised that in the education of the young the development of character stands far ahead of all else in importance. Dr. Temple also pointed out how influential a part in this development is played by the trust placed in boys by their masters, and returned in kind by the confidence of the boys, and the growth of this interchange of trust in modern school life he ascribed to Dr. Arnold.



1. Government Yacht *Evangeline*. 2. Government Stern-Wheeler *Beecroft*. 3. Group of Minor Fetish Deities. 4. Prince and Princess Archiboy. 5. Two of "Ours." 6. The Consulate General at Old Calabar.

THE BENIN EXPEDITION: SCENES IN THE NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

Drawn from Photographs supplied by Mr. W. J. Boshell, Acting Postmaster-General.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

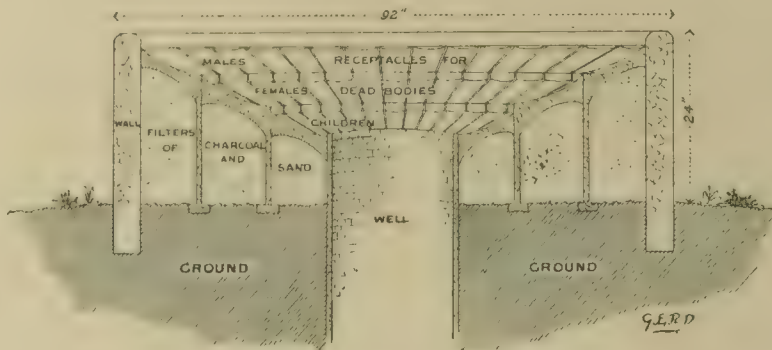
I observe a report published in the newspapers that the Vegetarian Society intends to offer a prize of some twenty pounds for the best selection of ten texts taken from the Scriptures which shall go to bolster up the practice of despising fish, flesh, and fowl. Such an offer, in my opinion, is simply a piece of unmitigated foolishness, and represents a stage of mental degradation to which it is to be hoped no respectable mixed feeder will ever descend. It is time that this vegetarian craze should be estimated at its proper value, for any statements more absurd than some of the pretensions set forth by vegetarians it would be difficult to match or equal. Let me here say that if the practice of living on a purely vegetable diet is found to suit any one person, I should be the last man in the world to decry that person's dietetic habits. He is not only fully justified in partaking of that which best accords with his constitution, but he is also physiologically sensible and scientifically right. But when, because a plant-diet agrees best with him as a single individual, he seeks to argue that everybody in the world, from the Esquimaux to the Guacho Indian, should follow his lead, I am tempted to place him on the list of those persons whom the Apostle declared it were well to "suffer gladly."

When, in addition to losing sight of the fact that food, like most other affairs of personal existence, is a relative matter—relative to the age, constitution, work, and habits of the individual—the rabid vegetarian rants and raves, as he does in his lectures and literature, to the effect that all flesh-eating is immoral, and that only the plant-feeder is walking in the perfect way, it is high time to enter a protest both in the name of science and common-sense, and to declare that such statements can only be calculated to bring vegetarianism, as a food-system, into contempt. Instead of vegetable food being suitable for everyone, the reverse is more likely the case. There are probably as many clinical examples of people who have tried the system, and have become starved, meagre, and unhealthy upon it, as there are of the opposite case—that of improved life and health. Vegetable food leaves a vastly greater amount of undigested residue in the body than does either animal food alone or than a mixed dietary does, and it certainly demands a greater expenditure of digestive power than animal diet or a mixed diet, for the plainest of all reasons—that animal matter, being likeliest our own composition, is most readily and easily converted into ourselves. This last, be it observed, is the end and aim of all feeding.

It is needless to pursue the illogical vegetarian much further into the weary territory wherein he must wander when he sets himself to argue that the Millennium will dawn when the butcher's shop is abolished. It is useless, perhaps, to point out to him that a mixed feeder, with his bread, potatoes, green vegetables, and fruits, day by day really gives a fair share of his digestive attention to the plant world. It may be, and probably is, a hopeless task to suggest that he might well consider perhaps the medical side of the disadvantages of exclusive vegetarianism, with its eye-troubles (seen in rice-eating Hindus) and its tendency to produce degeneration of the arteries and other ailments. These things, the enthusiast with his one idea easily skips over. But I think the fate of any system is not far off in the way of extinction when its adherents seek to bolster up its tenets by "nailing it wⁱ Scriptur^e." There are evidently still some persons left in this planet who think everything can be "settled with a text." But they wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction. For the Bible no more teaches that vegetarianism is the rule of the life physical than it inculcates total abstinence as the one thing needful. Contrariwise, as it is easy to bowl over the prohibitionist with a text, so the vegetarian may be recommended to consider, among other sayings, the adjuration, "Rise, Peter, slay, and eat." I presume it was not vegetables the Apostle was commanded to slay. So also, there are the words following on Peter's objection to common and unclean things, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Persons who object to instrumental music in churches (there are still survivals of that class to be found) can find in the Scriptures justification for their objection to the "kist o' whistles," as the organ was once designated in the North; and this despite the fact that instrumentation was a marked feature of the services of old. But it will always be so. The fanatic seeks a sign, and the only substitute for the sign he seeks he finds in a text. The Vegetarian Society may save its money and be as happy as it is now with its mess of pottage.

The only effect of the Biblical competition and of the search for the Scriptural authority for the high morality involved in a vegetable diet, will be to set those who sit in the chair of the scorner seeking for other texts which show forth that a man who takes his modest chop or his bit of fish is not necessarily either an immoral person, or one who treads the primrose way that leads to a terminus which need not be specially particularised or defined.

The other evening, having "a night out," I spent my time in a music-hall for the purpose of seeing the performance of Clicquot, the sword-swallower. His performance,



SECTION OF ONE OF THE "TOWERS OF SILENCE."

From a Drawing by the Chevalier Dalton.

if a trifle startling, is certainly to be described as a remarkable one. There appears to be no deception involved; although a sceptical gentleman from the pit, slightly inebriated, would shout forth his criticism. Clicquot silenced this critic after the politic fashion of "giving him a berth." He invited him on the stage, and—the rest was silence. The swords, some of them thin and specially made weapons, were passed singly, and in a bunch, easily down the gullet of the performer. A great cavalry sabre was swallowed for some 22 in. of its length. The gullet is only some 9 in. long, and allowing for the space in the pharynx, or back of the throat, it is evident that Clicquot must make some considerable use of the stomach's length in his performance. He swallowed an incandescent lamp, and the glare of the light was perfectly visible, as it passed down the gullet, through the tissues of the throat. There are many curious ways in this world of making a livelihood, and a good livelihood too.

The twenty-fourth annual match between the Oxford and Cambridge Association football teams was played at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, on Saturday last, before a large throng of spectators, and resulted in the victory of Oxford by one goal to nil.

Although the floods which have lately been prevalent in the greater part of England have shown satisfactory abate-



PARSEE "TOWER OF SILENCE" ON MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY.

From a Painting by the Chevalier Dalton.

ment, they are by no means a thing of the past. Even where actual inundation is at an end, the full havoc of its effects is now only being realised, and in some districts large areas of land are still under water. In Mid-Lincolnshire some 12,000 acres were at the beginning of the week estimated to be still submerged. It is expected that a long course of pumping will be necessary in this region, even after all rivers and drains have resumed their normal flow of water, and the ground cannot possibly be ready for the sowing of any crops, so that no harvest can be anticipated from the soil for the present year. The outlook is, indeed, so grave that a relief fund is being promoted for the benefit of the farm-hands and smaller farmers of the countryside, to whom the floods at present spell ruin.

THE "TOWERS OF SILENCE."

The fatal ravages of famine and plague in India at the present moment have drawn attention to native methods for the disposal of the dead. By far the most striking of these funeral forms is that of the Parsees, who differ not only from the Hindus, but from all other races of the world in the treatment of their dead. In obedience to the doctrines of Zoroaster, fire is revered by the Parsees so highly that they may not pollute that sacred element by burning their dead. Earth is similarly revered, and therefore a corpse may not be buried in the ground; nor may water be defiled by contact with physical decay. There is a great gulf fixed in this respect between the Parsees and the Hindus, the latter being accustomed to commit their dead to a watery grave after partially consuming them with fire. The result of these conditions is a funeral ritual unique in character. This ritual was recently described in our columns, but as we publish to-day certain accurate illustrations of the famous "Towers of Silence" at Bombay, some further account of the ceremonial, as there performed, may be of interest. The Bombay "Dakhmās," or Towers of Silence, are five in number, and stand on Malabar Hill, within a large garden or park beautifully laid out and planted with noble trees and a wealth of flowering shrubs. Within these grounds stand, in addition to the "Towers of Silence," a praying-house for mourners, and a temple in which the sacred fire is never allowed to be extinguished. The towers themselves are

circular buildings of massive construction, the largest, which was built at a cost of some £30,000, measuring 276 ft. in circumference and 25 ft. in height. The other four towers are not quite so large, but are estimated to have cost about £20,000 a-piece. A Parsee corpse is carried up the hill on a bier followed by a procession of mourners in white robes. Immediately behind the bier walk two bearded men, who alone perform the final ceremonies over the dead body. The bier is borne up a brief flight of stairs to an opening in the tower wall a short space from the ground. The towers are roofless, but a vast circular grating slopes downwards from the top, converging at the centre in a great well. In this slanting floor or grating are countless grooves in which the dead bodies are placed. These grooves are ranged in three great circles, the outer ring being sedulously reserved for males, the middle one for women, and the innermost one for children.

Stripped of all cere-cloths, the bodies of the dead are placed by the two bearded attendants in their allotted places, and the moment their bearers have withdrawn, the vultures and kites, which frequent the towers in great numbers, descend upon their prey, and strip the flesh from the dead until naught but the skeleton remains. The bones are left for some days, until they are bleached by the sun, and then the funeral officers return, and cast them with tongs into the great well in the centre of the tower.

There the bones remain until they crumble into dust, and there, at last, all class distinctions are merged in equality in the mingling of the dust of rich and poor alike: for this equalising process is part of the deliberate intention of the Parsee funeral rites. The well is surrounded by an elaborate system of drainage by which all moisture is filtered through charcoal before passing away.

The Duke and Duchess of York last week paid a visit to Blackheath in order to open the Dartmouth Home for Crippled Boys, which has been established at Eastnor House, on Blackheath Hill. The royal visitors alighted from the train at New Cross, and drove thence through the gaily decorated streets of Lewisham and Blackheath to the new Home.

Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, late Commander of the Forces in South Africa, was entertained at a public banquet by his fellow-townsmen of Cheltenham on Friday in last week. In replying to the toast of his health, Sir Frederick gave an interesting account of the many

troubles and difficulties attendant on the recent fighting in Rhodesia, but anticipated much improvement in the civilisation of the country as the result of the extension of the railway to Beira before the end of the present year, and to Salisbury in the course of 1898. Sir Frederick was very emphatic in contradicting all rumours of friction between himself and Earl Grey or Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Before he leaves England, Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, is to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Cambridge. The degree will probably be conferred at the same time as Dr. Nansen's similar honour. Mr. Bayard, it is interesting to note, is already a D.C.L. of Oxford.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: CRETAN INSURGENTS.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In the course of my far from monotonous life it has been my lot to meet with all sorts and conditions of men, not the least interesting among them being three or four "monarchs retired from business" and about an equal number of "monarchs starting in business." Surprising as it may seem, one of these was a somewhat familiar acquaintance. True, he had neither retired from nor started in business; while awaiting better times, he was simply confining himself to issuing manifestoes and worrying the Foreign Ministers of the Third Republic. Practically he was as sane as you and I, reader; a handsome fellow of the butcher type whose family name has unfortunately escaped me, inasmuch as I always addressed him as "Your Majesty." He claimed to be the successor of Antoine de Tounens, a lawyer from Périgoux who during the middle of the Second Empire was known in Paris as King Orléans-Antoine I. of Patagonia and Auriconia, whose kingdom was not altogether a myth, and who, had he played his cards a little more carefully, would have probably founded a dynasty! King Aurelian II. and I often played dominoes together in the original Chat Noir, on the Boulevard Rochechouart, close to which establishment he lived, and had he been successful in his endeavours to interest the Republicans as a pretender, these lines might not have been written, for I might have accepted his offer to be his Minister for Foreign Affairs,

my first sight of him I was much nearer to him than to the other. Secondly, he was a mere lad, by about two years and a half my junior, and although at that period I did not indulge in serious thoughts as I do now, I considered him very young to start on his own account in "a monarchy business," to which he was not only a virtual stranger, but the clients of which had but a short time previously ejected the managing director, seemingly for no valid reason. No such thought struck me when I saw both Milan and Alfonso XII. on the eve of their departure respectively for Serbia and Spain. They, after all, were going to take possession of thrones on the steps of which they were born. The third reason for my more distinct remembrance of Christian the Ninth's second son was an apparently comic, but nevertheless significant, incident in connection with his first appearance as King-elect. The scene was in the Champ de Mars in Paris, and the occasion the ascent of Nadar in his balloon "Le Géant," to make some new experiments. I am not certain of the exact day, but it was not more than a fortnight before the young King made his entry into Athens; hence it must have been about the middle of October 1863.

While we were watching the balloon straining at the ropes that held it captive, the Emperor, followed by General Fleury, Marshal Magnan, Equerry Raimbaud, and M. Boitelle, the Prefect of Police, came into the enclosure. By the Emperor's side there walked a tall, beardless young fellow, who, in spite of his height and somewhat serious aspect, was scarcely more than a stripling. He was dressed

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Stokes's discovery of Bishop Stillingfleet's famous collection of books in Archbishop Marsh's library at Dublin is said to have been accredited by the late Archbishop Benson a little before his death. At first he was incredulous on the subject, saying that the library was at Hartlebury Castle. Other treasures, in the shape of breviaries, manuals, missals, and psalters, were also found.

There is considerable feeling against the new Bishop of London owing to his having taken the appointment of Rural Deans into his own hands. The privilege of election was formerly allowed to the clergy, and was highly valued by them.

Father Black is not intolerant in his idea of extempore preaching. He says that as to the relative value of the written sermon and the extemporaneous sermon, he is of opinion that all depends upon their intrinsic worth. To him personally it is as interesting to listen to a written as to a spoken sermon. Canon Liddon is said to have counselled clergymen to write their sermons and leave the manuscripts at home.

The controversy between the Archbishop of York and the Press in the North of England is not yet settled. The Archbishop ferociously attacked a letter written to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* by a lady who signed herself "A Laywoman." She was writing about the appointment to a living in Sheffield, and quoted from a Protestant journal a paragraph designed to show that the new incumbent was



THE EASTERN CRISIS: THE GREEK TORPEDO FLEET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. YARROW.

See "Our Illustrations."

and Downing Street and the White House at Washington would have had to reckon with me.

Fate willed it otherwise; the Republicans probably remembered how badly Napoleon III. had fared in his attempts at king-making, which want of success maybe deterred him from supporting the claims of Tounens. The latter, whom I had never seen, came in a bad moment, I believe—i.e., when the affair of Mexico showed signs of going wrong. Although I had not the slightest prospect of a portfolio of any kind in Maximilian's empire, if it had lasted, I own that I was more interested in him than in King Aurelian II. *in partibus*; and yet I saw King Aurelian pretty well every day, while I never caught more than a somewhat long glimpse of the ill-fated brother of Emperor Francis Joseph. That was almost immediately after my twenty-first birthday, during the first performance of "L'Ami des Femmes," lately represented at the Criterion under the title of "Squire of Dames." The new Emperor of Mexico and his consort occupied, in company with the Emperor and Empress of the French, a state-box at the Gynnaise, and every glance was turned towards them. The Second Empire was in its flush, and the French themselves, besides their ruler, were very confident that a King of their making would be pretty safe on no matter what throne. Had not they practically made Victor Emmanuel what he was? Had not their Sovereign powerfully contributed to the selection of King George of Greece, who might have never been thought of but for the suggestion of the Comte de Chaudordy, one of the foremost of French diplomatists?

Of George of Greece I have a more distinct recollection than of Maximilian. To begin with, on the occasion of

in greyish trousers and a frock-coat of rather soberer cut than that worn by Frenchmen in general at that time—it was buttoned more closely to the chin; in fact, the whole of his appearance bespoke the foreigner. At the first blush he gave one the impression of being English, but on closer inspection he seemed to lack that absolute quietude—as far removed from hauteur as from shyness—which marks the young Englishman of exalted position. He was evidently interested in Nadar, and so was the Emperor, who, in his young days, had bestowed much attention on aerostatics. His Majesty was advancing briskly towards Nadar, whose Republicanism admitted of no compromise, and who was nevertheless too staunch a gentleman to offer a gratuitous slight to his imperial guest by addressing him as "Monsieur." So when he saw the latter advancing he backed to his car, and before the Sovereign could utter a word gave orders to "let go."

The Emperor was not the dupe of the cleverly executed movement; a smile flitted over his face, and in a low voice he said a few words to his young companion. Probably no one ever knew what these words were except King George, but I should not be surprised if they contained a cynical comment on the stubbornness of Republicans to be won over to monarchical causes by soft or stringent means. King George has most likely never forgotten them, and during his thirty-three years has manfully endeavoured to hold the balance fairly well between all parties. And now he has declared that he would sooner die on the battlefield than be a monarch in exile. Unquestionably, Napoleon III. would have preferred such a death, but fate was against him. One sincerely trusts that King George will escape either. He may be politically wrong in his crusade; humanely, he is right.

a High Churchman. The Archbishop described her as a terrible woman, and spoke strongly against the Press. In a subsequent letter he has partially withdrawn, although not to the satisfaction of the newspapers. The Archbishop makes very few mistakes, and may be excused this one.

The Rev. Francis Jacox, of St. John's Wood, who died in his seventy-first year, was for many years an invalid and a great reader of books. He wrote "Cues from All Quarters," "Secular Annotations of Scripture Texts," and other books. I am able to give a new and curious story about Mr. Jacox. I once asked an eminent and experienced publisher whether he had ever known the author of a book that failed to return any of the money that was paid to him. He said he knew just one instance of such an author, and that instance was Mr. Jacox.

It very seldom happens that a Nonconformist minister who goes over to the Church from the Nonconformist ministry becomes a dignitary. But this has happened to the Rev. N. Lindon Parkyn, of Lightcliffe, Halifax, who has been appointed Dean of Ballarat, and Vicar of the Cathedral Church in that city. Until about eight years ago, Dean Parkyn was a Congregational minister and pastor of St. Paul's Congregational Church in Swansea.

Canon Wilberforce, preaching upon the equality of women, quoted the story of Lacordaire, himself a celibate, who again and again wrote when in some difficult crisis of his life, "So I prayed to God, and I consulted Madame —."

Dr. Monro Gibson, the President of the Free Church Council, which meets in London in March, is minister of a large Presbyterian church at St. John's Wood, which raised last year the sum of £10,000. About £8000 of this went for purposes outside the congregation.



TYPES OF THE GREEK ARMY.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

HAIRER.

BRITISH TRANSPORT "HALCYON,"
SUDA PAX. TAKING REFRESHMENT ON BOARD.

AUSTRIAN CRUISER "MARIA THERESA."

PART OF CANEA ON FIRE.



AUSTRIAN GUN-BOAT.

BRITISH BATTLESHIP "BARFLEUR."

RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "NICOLAS I."

FRENCH CRUISER "SOCRET."

ITALIAN CRUISER "BONA."

THE EASTERN CRISIS.—SCENE OFF CANEA, CRETE, ON FEBRUARY 5: PART OF THE TOWN ON FIRE.

Drawn by W. H. Overend and G. Montbard from a sketch by W. Dargatzis, H.M.S. "Dartmouth," Mediterranean Squadron.



WINTER ON THE PLAINS OF MANITOBA: COWBOYS CHASING STRAYED CATTLE.



EXTREMES MEET.

By Bernard Partridge.

A COURTLY ART.

BY THE REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

Some weeks ago I happened to be a spectator at an interesting function in which an exalted personage was taking part. During the ceremony it became the duty of a certain high-born gentleman to make a bow. Nothing in that day's proceedings impressed me so much as that incomparable bow. There was nothing approaching servility in the graceful bend of the head, in the perfectly natural droop of the eyelids, in the indescribable self-surrender of the figure, that did not so much withdraw itself as sacrifice its distinctiveness in an attitude of deferential homage. It was really nothing less than a sublime bow; and as I witnessed it, a feeling of despair came upon me, for I thought, "I could never bow like that, any more than I could write 'Hamlet' or 'Othello.'"

Does not somebody say that "dancing is the poetry of motion"? If it be, such a bow as that must be its music. I have thought a great deal about the importance of bowing in my lifetime, for one of the first reproofs which Mr. Cadaverous administered to me was concerned with this act of courtesy.

"My young friend!" he said to me, "I am afraid you

serious, scarcely mock timidity of look; that delicate turn of the wrist and lifting of the hat which left the head uncovered till the object of his salutation had passed on! How had he learnt it? "Allons!" he cried, "one doesn't learn these things. *C'est une grâce héréditaire.*" His father had it, his grandfather, his ancestors; it was bred into the man. One of his forebears had been usher at the Court of Louis XIV., renowned for never using the wrong arm, and so forth. "Never using the wrong arm—explain?" He opened his great eyes, which always looked silly when he was not bowing, and stared at me. "Ah, that's like you Englishmen! You always take off your hats, in that awkward way of yours, with the *right hand*, careless whether the fair one meets you on the right hand or on the left. You are so coarsely dull—*vous autres*. Don't you see that if the Duchess passes you on the right it is brutal to thrust your elbow into her face? If she be pleased to take the right hand, lift your hat with the left, or *au contraire*, as the case may be. But let your salute proclaim that there is nothing you would fain hide from her. If she vouchsafe to look into your eyes, let her see that they are true and adoring. But as for you, my friend, how should you ever attain to this that you desire? Why, man, you wear heavy boots,

you to put a penny into it, and then jumps out of your way—grave and impassive. I wonder where that fashion came from. Also do I wonder what the significance of that bow is which many schoolboys in the Devonshire villages practise. They shoot out their hands level with the shoulder, open wide the palm, and, with a sweep, smack their foreheads with quite a report as of an explosion. It never seems to hurt them, but it is inexplicable that no ill results should follow. The first time that the Princess was so accosted, she was seriously startled. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Don't do that, you'll hurt yourself!" The ineffable tenderness of that woman! Well, well, *Tempora mutantur*, as somebody (but nobody knows who it was) says. I am told that nowadays there are thousands of beings called human who make it a matter of principle and conscience never to uncover their heads. One young cynic justified himself for abstaining—for "giving it up," as he called it—by affirming that the women were to blame. Observe, they have got to be called "women" now, and one of their rights is that they should do neither more nor less than the men do—that is to say, nod! I, for my part, am glad that the best half of my life was passed in the age of courtesy—of ceremonious observance; and though I never learnt to



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: OLD CALABAR MARKET.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. W. J. Boswell.

will never succeed in life. I noticed that you returned Lady Blank's curtsy with your chin and your throat, Sir. Her ladyship snubbed you, as only a lady can, with the mockery of her obeisance; but you made yourself a laughing stock to the room by your fatuous attempt at dignity" . . . "I—I—I could not help myself, I was so angry" . . . "So was Robert Earl of Essex, when Queen Elizabeth boxed his ears. He put his hand on his sword, and showed thereby that at heart he was a traitor, and no true gentleman. The true gentleman is he who knows how to control his impulses in the presence of his superiors, and especially so when those superiors are ladies. No man can be a social success who has not a bow at his command, be the circumstances what they may. I suspect that you have never taken lessons in bowing. That is an art which does not come by nature; it must be acquired, to begin with; it must be practised in the inner chamber till it becomes a habit—an accomplishment, a form of eloquence, more suave than speech!" I was nineteen then, and the tears of mortification and humiliation came to my eyes. "Practise bowing, my dear lad—practise bowing! You like learning—learn that." He put his great hand on my shoulder. I went home to my lodgings, and that night I began to bow. I watched other people. I used to try and imitate them. I noticed that not one man in a hundred could bow gracefully. I made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman—a podgy little vivacious creature—who beat them all. I asked him how he learnt it—that fine sweep of the elbow—that little spring from the instep—"felt, not understood"—that

with clump soles. As well hope to dance a minuet in hob-nailed highlows!"

Thus it was brought in upon me that I must begin at the toe to be right at the top. That was more than I could possibly submit to; besides, I was just going to take a country curacy, where there was nobody to bow to. The thing was not *tanti*. Nevertheless, I could not help noticing other people's bows and still continue to be observant of this form of salutation. There used to be a very grand Cambridge bow in those days: the dons must have practised a good deal; or was it that those magnificent graduates gloried in their academic dress, and the somewhat snobbish reluctance to appear in cap and gown which has come in of late years had not yet demoralised us? Then a magnificent personage with his ample silken folds came sweeping down King's Parade, and, as he passed, his thumb went firmly under the peak of his cap, and his fingers—all four of them—fell flat upon the top of it; the head-gear rose heavenwards—it was lifted—it seemed as if it lifted its wearer—it rose, and the young freshmen felt that the gods had not yet left the earth. There is a survival of his bow to be noticed still, sometimes, among the elder Cantabs. But what a poor substitute for the ancient fashion! Norfolk men have a trick of taking off their hats which is about as inelegant a performance as any salute I am acquainted with. A creature sticks his chin into the air, clutches with a jerk at the brim, brings his wrist to the level of his eyebrows, and in a peculiarly snappish way turns his "topper" upside down, holding it out flat, as if he were expecting

make a bow, and have suffered for my want of training in the school of deportment, yet I hardly regret that I am an old fogey who still reveres the grand style in others, and recognises the courtly gentleman by his bow on those rare occasions when he meets him.

On the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State for War has authorised the formation of a new Volunteer battalion, which is to be a corps for Montgomeryshire, to be called the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the South Wales Borderers.

The eloquent appeal of the Prince of Wales on behalf of the hospitals of London has not fallen on an unheeding generation, for schemes of all kinds are already afoot for the rendering of a generous response to the call. The Prince of Wales himself has become an annual subscriber of one hundred guineas to the Hospital Fund to which he has given the help of his active sympathy. A noble contribution to the hospital cause has now been promised by Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., who has undertaken to rebuild on a scale thrice as large as its original design the North London stronghold of medical science known as University College Hospital. The total cost of the new building is expected to be fully £100,000, so that it is likely to form one of the most notable monuments of the Diamond Jubilee that London will be able to show in years to come. Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., is responsible for the design of the new structure.

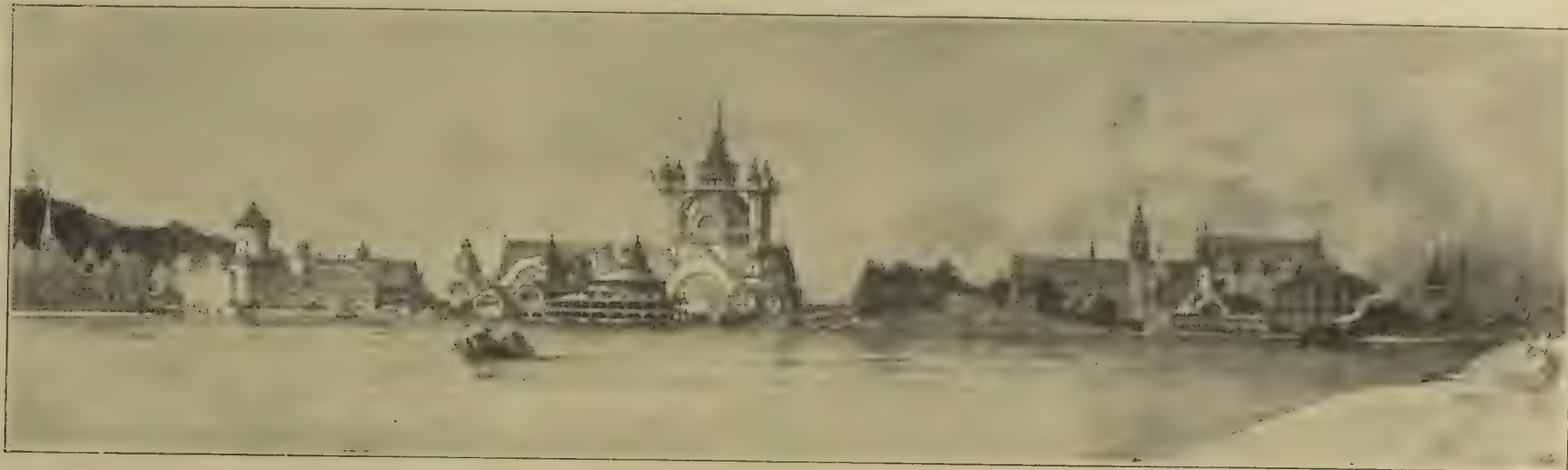
THE SCANDINAVIAN AND RUSSIAN EXHIBITION AT STOCKHOLM.

A whole generation has passed since Sweden invited its neighbours to meet in the peaceful name of industry at its capital, so renowned for its beauty. The first great Scandinavian Exhibition took place at Stockholm in 1866, the second and third at Copenhagen in the years 1872 and 1888, and now Sweden is preparing with all possible activity for the fourth great Scandinavian Exhibition at Stockholm in 1897. And it is not only Sweden that exerts itself to show in a worthy manner its flourishing culture and economy at the end of the nineteenth century, but the neighbouring countries of Norway and Denmark also. It is, in a word,

The Exhibition is to be open from May 15 next to Oct. 1. An enormous number of entries have been made by intending exhibitors from all three of the Scandinavian countries, from Russia, and from Finland, in the Industrial Departments. The Art Exhibition is to be international in its scope, and many leading British artists will be represented in the galleries. Special interest in this department has been taken by H.R.H. Prince Eugene, the youngest son of King Oscar, who in the course of his travels last summer invited a number of foreign artists whom he visited to contribute some of their handiwork to the Stockholm display. The Exhibition buildings include an enormous Industrial Hall, specially erected; a Museum, a Machinery Hall, and a Fishery Hall. The last-named

greater diversity of both treatment and subject than he has hitherto displayed; and, while unable to accept without reserve some of his renderings of familiar spots, one cannot but recognise the peculiar merit of the majority. It is possible that, to Mr. Holloway's artistic eye, the sky, water, and a mass of grey smoke-begrimed granite may, under certain conditions, present a uniform tone throughout; but one would scarcely think that Waterloo Bridge and its surroundings would do so to others. In like manner we may say that not a few of the Venetian effects are novel to us, but that is no reason to imagine them to be unreal.

Mr. John Burns, whatever other qualities he may possess, has a due regard and appreciation for the grandeur



BUILDINGS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN AND RUSSIAN EXHIBITION AT STOCKHOLM.

the whole Scandinavian North united by the strong bonds of near relationship, similar political interests, and continually increased commercial connections, which in 1897 will show the fruits of ancient culture and the uninterrupted development of nearly ninety years of peace.

The Exhibition grounds are situated in the beginning of Djurgarden, the Bois de Bologne and the great pleasure park of Stockholm, where several summer restaurants and other pleasure establishments are situated. Djurgarden is one great wild park, surrounded by water on all sides, with fine promenades, romantic rocks and sunny meadows. The Exhibition may be reached from Stockholm both by land and by means of any of a multitude of steam-launches plying between the different parts of the city and Djurgarden.

It is only about fifteen or twenty minutes' walk from the centre of the city to the Exhibition. The main thoroughfare goes along the shores of Nybroviken, through the newest and most elegant part of Stockholm,

building has been constructed in such a way that more than half of it extends over the natural water surrounding the island. An extensive reproduction of "Old Stockholm" has been carried out with an archaeological accuracy in all respects worthy of what is likely to be an historic Exhibition.

ART NOTES.

Mr. J. Aumonier, R.I., who is best known as the painter of free and open landscape in Mercia and East Anglia, was indeed *felix opportunitate* in his devotion last summer to the old Brighton Chain Pier—now no more. He has painted it in various moods and from various points, recalling to our memory the Pebble Shop, the Shell Stall, the Sundial, and a store of other associations of our childhood. Mr. Aumonier, moreover, gives us especially sunny memories of the well-known pier—upon which the

of London, and if he had a free hand he would probably do much towards the embellishment of the streets and public places. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted that political ardour should have betrayed him into an attack upon what, in the opinion of architects and amateurs, is perhaps the most absolutely perfect piece of modern work on the Thames Embankment. The little block of buildings—beside the offices of the London School Board—erected at the expense of Mr. W. Astor, may be somewhat too distinctly an echo of the best work of the French Renaissance, but, taken as we find it, its masonry, ironwork, and wood-carving are specimens of thorough craftsmanship and artistic design, to which Mr. Burns would have some difficulty in finding the equal among the buildings of the present century.

Everything pertaining to Nansen and his exploits is certain to command curiosity if not attention on the part of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STOCKHOLM, WITH THE SITE OF FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION ON DJURGARDEN ISLAND, INDICATED BY AN ASTERISK.

Ostermalm, and down its grandest boulevard, Strandvagen, with its modern magnificent residences and its shady avenues of lime-trees.

The Exhibition site lies on a narrow point of land projecting towards Ostermalm, with the idyllic Djurgardsbrunnsviken on one side and fronting on the beautiful harbour of Stockholm on the other. The land is not level, but divided into several terraces, sloping down towards the water on both sides, and at the back rising in steep hills, on the top of which the renowned open-air museum and zoological gardens of Skansen are situated. On account of their position, with three extensive waterfronts to the east and west, the Exhibition grounds are naturally divided into two sections, between which passes the great thoroughfare to Djurgarden. Over this thoroughfare are built three viaducts connecting the two sections.

sedateness of old age had fallen—and those who wish to have a memento of an irrevocable past will find one of these simple, direct sketches a more pleasing reminder than the untempting relics which have been so eagerly caught up. The Brighton sketches at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (New Bond Street) are supplemented by a number of oil paintings, of which the subjects are chosen from Lincolnshire and Sussex, in which Mr. Aumonier displays his accustomed versatility and appreciation of open country.

Mr. C. E. Holloway's water-colour drawings at the Goupil Gallery are somewhat of a surprise to those who have only known that accomplished artist by his oil-paintings. He has always been distinguished by a delicate sense of atmospheric effect, of which his most successful examples have generally been found in the Thames near London. In the present series of drawings one finds a

the public. The exhibition, therefore, of the sketches, photographs, and drawings made by the intrepid traveller and his companions cannot fail to be fascinating, even though reproduced in the book of his travels to the "Farthest North." The chief interest of the collection of original works now on view at the St. George's Gallery, Clifford Street, Bond Street, naturally centres in the rough water-colours or pastels in which Dr. Nansen attempts to convey by colour some of the effects of sky and atmosphere in the recesses of the Arctic circle. He is anxious to prove that everything is not shrouded in the blackest night through those long and dreary hours during which the sun does not appear above the horizon. The phenomena he observed and has reproduced are not only valuable from a scientific point of view, but are rich with suggestions for poets and painters who are content to take their impressions through the medium of an adventurous observer.

LITERATURE.

MR. W. E. NORRIS'S NEW NOVEL.

It is a relief to meet the new woman in a man's novel, especially in a novel by Mr. W. E. Norris, whose touch is so light, graceful, and humorous. When a lady novelist is possessed with an idea, and when that idea is the new woman, she tears away with it, like a kitten with a ball of wool, without the slightest regard to the inextricable tangle she produces. She sees only one point, and never sees round even that; and as she thinks with her heart, all arguments addressed to her head are vain. Such is the woman Mr. Norris describes admirably in *Clarissa Furiosa* (Methuen and Co.). Like all the other heroines of her school, she makes after marriage the confounding discovery that purity was held to be a distinctively feminine virtue, and, like these crusaders also, she forthwith separates from her husband and proceeds to convert the world to her views that men and women should in this matter be equally bound or equally free. She does, unfortunately, convert to these views her sister-in-law, who becomes a martyr to the new faith through her dismissal of a noble fellow who loves her, and whom she loves, to distraction, because his previous life had not been as spotlessly pure as her own. This young fellow, a chivalrous Frenchman, rushes off in his despair to Africa to court and—apparently—to meet death there. Hardly, however, had the news of his death reached the girl who drove him to seek it than she hears of Clarissa's recantation of all her heresies! The cool way in which Clarissa announces her sudden abandonment of her principles to the disciple whose life they had wrecked to all appearance, was certainly exasperating—especially as their abandonment was as irrational and impulsive as their adoption. Clarissa and her husband are brought together through the illness of their child, and—

There above the little bed
They kissed again with tears.

Mr. Norris is too kind-hearted to let the misguided disciple suffer vicariously for Clarissa's folly, and all are made happy at the close of this charming tale.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A very large title to give a book is *The History of Mankind* (Macmillan), but it is none too large for the huge task Professor Ratzel has so successfully tackled. The Professor's aim is nothing more nor less than to give a brief but clear account of the dress, weapons, modes of life, customs, habits, history, language, and physical surroundings of the various races of mankind that make up the fifteen hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants. It is a gigantic task. Travellers have been so busy on all parts of the face of the earth during recent decades that the amount of information and material they have brought home is beyond the power of any one man to sift in a lifetime. Anthropological Societies in London, Paris, and Berlin publish huge tomes of new information yearly, and our great museums have their collections ever enlarging; but, until this translation appeared, there was no guide to such collections in the English language, Pritchard's great book having gone quite out of date. The fact that Englishmen have to go to Germany for a systematic treatise of the races, habits, and languages of tropical and barbaric peoples is no great source of pride to the greatest pioneers and colonists the world has ever seen. The Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, which ought to be the greatest of its kind, languishes in partial neglect. We have great ethnologists like Professor Tylor, but there are few signs of successors in the younger generations. Still, science is universal, and it is good to take it where it can be found, especially when it is got up in the best of style, and with illustrations hitherto unequalled in point of truth and finish in any book of this kind.

Most opportunely has *The Balkans* (T. Fisher Unwin) been added to the admirable "Story of the Nations" series, since, as Mr. William Miller observes in his preface, "The Balkan Peninsula has been in modern times what the Low Countries were in the Middle Ages—the cock-pit of Europe. It is there that the eternal Eastern Question has its origin; it is there, too, that the West and the East, the Cross and the Crescent, meet. It is impossible to understand the great problems which still await solution in South-Eastern Europe, and are once more pressing themselves upon the attention of all thoughtful men, without some knowledge of Balkan history." Mr. Miller himself believes, and gives in this concise and clear history adequate reasons for his belief, that the only true settlement of the conflicting claims of these States is such a Balkan Confederation as was sketched by the late M. Tricoups. Mr. Miller, we ought to say, claims the advantage and merit of opportuneness for his work on more accidental grounds—the occurrence in the current year of the bicentenary of the reigning dynasty of Montenegro and the Hungarian Millennium—both concerned largely with Balkan history.

The Scholar of Bygate (Hutchinson) takes Mr. Algernon Gissing back to the Northumberland which he loves to traverse, and presents a story of curious primitive emotions. The three-volume form in which the novel is issued is not the only old-fashioned point about it. There is a slowness of action, a minuteness of detail, a circumstantiality about it all that belongs to yesteryear, so that one gets a little lost in the mazes of the material. Several stories, in fact,

are told. Maxwell Crozier, the old farmer, lives out a dark revenge in an atmosphere that recalls "Wuthering Heights," holding as prisoner his brother-in-law, who had defrauded him; cursing his own son, who married the debtor's daughter, Adelina—a weak, foolish woman, whom death releases in volume three. And that son, who is the "Scholar," has a life-story of his own to act out—his attraction to Jenniper, a country lass, interrupted by his marriage with Lina. Mr. Gissing shares somewhat of his brother's genius for depicting the melancholy aspects of lower middle-class life in towns; but, inasmuch as his purpose is not so single-eyed, but attempts a compromise between rural romance and city realism, it is less successful, and may not appeal to a generation that insists on concentration.

"All the wit in the world," says the hero of *The Sin of Another* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) "consists of epigrammatic platitudes"—a definition which accounts for the sparkle in the repartees in this infantile tale. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," said the heroine. "Copy-book maxim," retorts the hero. "If men studied their copy-books rather more, they would write better hands," said Nella, who, as she got rather the worst of the argument, took refuge in malice. Again, when the hero's sister makes this pathetic appeal to him, "Have you no faith?"—there were tears in Catharine's voice—"no faith in anything or anybody?" he replies, "Sometimes, when I have slept well and had a good boiled egg for

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers!" Only madness or the momentary madness of rage under immediate provocation could account adequately for such an outrage; but it is accounted for in the novel by the cold anger of a man who resented the lady's rejection of his brother years before! This atrocious letter contains a clue to its writer, which is very far from being as conclusive as the author regards it—the use of the Greek "e"—and as both the rejected brother and his dastardly avenger write their "e's" thus, there ensues the "Fedora" mistake of the plot. The widow accepts the brother she had rejected in her maidenhood, and, blinded by love, submits to his correction a novel she is writing; and his corrections bring about his dismissal—naturally, thinks the reader, because they are so imbecile. It is not the literary, however, but the mechanical bad writing which leads to his second rejection. Fortunately his collaboration ends here, for she finds that he uses the Greek "e" in all his corrections, and it is only long afterwards, and when he lay dying, she discovered that his brother also was in the unusual habit of shaping the letter thus. The novel ends unnecessarily sadly. The illustrations suggest that the novel is a translation from the French, and this probably accounts for the occasional uncouthness and flamboyance of the style.

Some time since there appeared in the *British Medical Journal* an account of singular intrinsic and suggestive interest of an accident by which an engine-driver lost all memory of twenty years of his life. He slipped in stepping from the tender to the engine-plate, and the spout of the oil-can he held was driven by his fall up his nostril into his brain; out of which it gouged the memory of these twenty years so entirely that nothing could persuade him of his having been a fitter, stoker, and driver, or anything but a labouring lad. Now, to make the plot of a novel hinge upon so abnormal an accident would be about as irrational as to make its hero a Siamese Twin. But the lapse of memory upon which the plot of *Dr. Rumsey's Patient* (Chatto and Windus) hinges is yet more abnormal. A remote ancestor of its hero, by marrying for money a coloured West Indian, had brought into the family as a penalty for his mercenaryness the curse—upon its male members only—of a complete lapse of memory for the grave events of their lives. Accordingly, its hero forgets in the morning the murder he had committed the night before. That such lapses of memory do occur we are assured in the prefatory note, but their occasional occurrence is no more a justification of their being made the keystone of a novel than the occasional occurrence of a five-legged lamb would justify its appearance in the foreground of a Sidney Cooper. Mrs. Meade and Dr. Halifax, to whose collaboration we owe "Dr. Rumsey's Patient," might as reasonably have taken their hero from Broadmoor. It was unkind, by the way, of Dr. Halifax to turn such Queen's Evidence against the faculty as to make Dr. Rumsey—the greatest brain specialist in Europe—such an old woman. While in his ordinary advice he is commonplace itself, in his medical advice he is invariably and entirely wrong. It is only fair to say that the authors have succeeded in exciting and maintaining the sole kind of interest they appear to have aimed at—that of curiosity.

In *Lord Hever* (Bentley), we find ourselves, as the soul, according to Swedenborg, finds itself on its release from the body, in the embarrassing company of archangels. There is, of course, an arch-fiend also, and the problem of the plot is to set free his savagely ill-used angel of a wife that she may marry Lord Hever. Its solution is, at least, original. The heroine, who also is passionately in love with Lord Hever, and also has terrible reason to loathe the arch-fiend, resolves to elope with the scoundrel in order that his wife, her rival, might obtain a divorce and marry the object of their common adoration, Lord Hever. More insupportably good beings than these three—Lord Hever, the heroine, and "Fidelia" never were conceived; but they are kept in countenance by a host of others hardly less seraphic. There are two children especially who give you the uncomfortable impression of always walking morally on tip-toe, and weary and worry you with their monstrous goodness. As a relief there is a kind of parochial bluebottle, Mrs. Moffatt, who is occasionally amusing, but more often exasperating; and yet the author shows by the admirably humorous speech upon divorce he puts into the mouth of a farmer that he can be naturally, and not forcedly, droll when he chooses.

It is a strange thing that, despite the extraordinary popularity of the Kailyard school, Scots verse, except at the hands of Burns, is so little known on this side of the Border, and is scarcely written at all nowadays save by literary amateurs, although the output of the latter is perplexingly plentiful. Seeing that Burns was but the greatest of a throng of singers of exceptional merit, the neglect into which the art of Scots verse—and what language is so fitted for poetry!—has fallen is singular. A notable attempt to resuscitate interest in it has been made by Mr. George Eyre-Todd, whose "Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets," published by Messrs. Hodge, of Glasgow, has covered the ground from Thomas the Rhymer and John Barbour down to last century. The seventh volume, *Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century*, which has just appeared, contains many of the best specimens of wit, humour, and pathos in dialect—such as "The Laird o' Cockpen" and "The Land o' the Leal." The introductory biographies and glossarial notes are excellent.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXIV.—MR. W. E. NORRIS.

Mr. William Edward Norris, whose new novel, "Clarissa Furiosa," is reviewed in our columns this week, is the younger son of the late Sir William Norris, formerly Chief Justice of Ceylon. Born in 1847, he was educated at Twyford and at Eton, and subsequently studied modern languages on the Continent. He was called to the Bar, but never practised, for the success of sundry short stories contributed to the magazines led him to adopt the profession of letters. His first novel, "Heaps of Money," appeared just twenty years ago, and won considerable popularity. Since then, "Mlle. de Mersac," "Matrimony," "Thirlby Hall," "A Bachelor's Blunder," "My Friend Jim," "His Grace," and many other volumes from his prolific pen, have secured for him a distinct position among latter day novelists by their clever dialogue, skilful delineation of character, and happy presentation of the life of contemporary society. Mr. Norris is a finished musician and a keen sportsman as well as a student of manners. He lives at Underbank House, Torquay.

breakfast." The plot of this odd little novel turns upon the astonishing assumption that the man in whose name a cheque is drawn must himself present it for payment to the bank, and that a forger, therefore, must be skilled in the imitation not of handwriting only, but of persons. Hence the hero's certainty that the forgery laid to his charge must have been committed by his brother, who alone resembled him. The nursery naïveté of "The Sin of Another," is nothing less than surprising.

Princess Laura Bonaparte has written a fairly interesting novel, *The Greek E* (H. S. Nichols), with a plot which follows the lines of "Fedora." The motive, however, of the villainy which is its mainspring is inadequately and even incredibly weak. An artist's widow receives a letter containing the most ferocious abuse of her late husband while his body lies still in the house. It enclosed a newspaper cutting of the announcement of his death, surrounded by such comments as these: "Chuck him in a hole in the gutter!" "Send him to the Zoo, he ought not to be buried with respectable people." "He died, played out by debauchery." "Society, the world, and women generally are to be congratulated on the departure to HELL of this scoundrel of the Century.



THE HAUNT OF THE BITTERN.

By Archibald Thorburn.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I have a dear friend who has just brought the good news from Ghent—no, I mean the latest news of clothes as they are down South, which is, after all, the spot whence usually emanate the fashions which are to be. It is essential, it would appear, to the conduct of the gown fashionable that it be supplied with a very high collar at the back, the ordinary Medici collar this is, somewhat exaggerated, extending up to the ears, and it is to be found alike on the short bolero or on the jacket which



A GREY CLOTH DRESS.

reaches but to the hips. And a word about these jackets. They are all liberally braided in straight lines and curled lines, in floral designs, conventional designs; they show braided fronts, no fullness in their basques, very little fullness in their sleeves, and they possess all of them these high collars. Most of them are cut to exhibit a shirt or under-bodice of some light fabric, such as lace or lisse, or chiffon or mousseline de soie. Of course the popularity of the high collar is the result of the new order of coiffure. It may be observed by the observant that whenever the hair goes up to the top of the head then does the Medici collar put in its appearance.

It is no longer essential that the jacket should match the skirt it accompanies. The very lightest shade of drab, almost a biscuit tone in fact, is adopted by the most extravagant for wear with dark cloth skirts, or skirts of thick tweed, or skirts of plaid. These very light cloth coats look well made in the sac style, covered with elaborate braiding, or on the simpler model of the ordinary covert coat. These should be cut to reach just below the hips, and should not have the fly in the front; a smarter effect will be ensured by fastening them over at one side with large white pearl buttons. The high style of coiffure is again responsible for the fact that the hats are worn tilted over the eyebrows. The effect on a woman from the back is very curious, the high collar allowing about two inches of her hair to be visible between it and the hat, which is slanted downwards; so that it is necessary to approach a woman quite near before you can distinguish her features.

That is a very pretty hat sketched on this page, made of ivory net trimmed with two monster bunches of Neapolitan violets and a waved paradise plume of black. The same style has been most successfully copied in chiffon of a bright violet hue; and again, it might achieve good results in geranium-coloured chiffon, with the flowers, roses, shading from dark red to pale pink; or those little market bunches of pale pink rosebuds which we buy in Paris would look well as a substitute for the violets. The dress which this hat crowns is made in a very light shade of grey cloth. From the bust a conventional design extends in grey braid to the waist, where it disappears within a satin waistband, and then again reappears on the skirt. Three small epaulettes decorate the sleeves—and, by the way, that reminds me that the epaulette is indispensable to the sleeve fashionable. This is usually made somewhat deeper in the centre than at each-side, and is stiffened to stand outwards by means of cordings, while it is edged with an infinitesimally kilted frill of glacé silk, the sleeve beneath it showing but very moderate fullness.

The fashion of cordings is to be revived and to share the popularity as a trimming for cloth dresses with the braids to which I have already alluded. Braids are put on either

in groups of three or extend their influence from hem to waist of the cloth dress. The cordings always appear in groups of three, and they need the most careful manipulation, calling aloud, indeed, for the hand of the expert.

Let me describe that other sketch, which represents an effective and simple high bodice suited for wearing in the evenings. It is made of white glacé silk closely covered with Russian net, while over the shoulders and just on the hips are motifs of jet and steel passmenterie, a pale blue satin sash and collar-band putting a charming note of colour to this, and a bunch of pale pink roses adds to the general effect most attractively. The high evening bodice is always a difficult matter to contrive successfully, and it is a very necessary adjunct to our wardrobe to-day, when dining at a restaurant is the order of our nights, and we have most of us abandoned the joys of the tea-gown for ordinary home wear. Of course, it is not essential to wear a high bodice when you dine at a restaurant, but it is most usual unless the dinner is merely the prelude to some further festivities where full dress would be necessary. The most attractive high bodices are made of elaborately embroidered net, either white or black. These are invariably supplied with trimmings of cream-coloured lace on the top of the sleeve and round the collar. The evening dress, which is not high, but slopes in a V, and is supplied with a large turned-down collar, is most becoming to the fair young throat. Any coarse lace may be called upon to make such a collar, Irish by preference, when the collar itself may be frilled with chiffon, and an excellent effect will be gained at a comparatively small outlay. We must all of us have a small relative from whom we could borrow an Irish lace collar which has done nursery duty, and this, when worked in points, looks charming resting upon a frill of kilted chiffon; while, if expenditure be no object, the general effect may be improved by insertions of Irish lace down the back of the chiffon bodice, and the same decoration may be permitted to put in its appearance down the back of the sleeve, which should be of the chiffon and wrinkle down to the wrist.

To "Mrs. McN." let me regretfully observe that I do not supply paper patterns of my illustrations.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The Queen has just forwarded to the Mentone Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which society her Majesty is patroness, a further donation of £5, destined for the fund now being raised to erect a lethal chamber for the destruction of stray dogs. Her Majesty is a great dog-lover, and is always attended by one or more of the tribe, whether in or out of doors.

I hear that the "lethal chamber" of Paris consists of nothing more elaborate than a gas-jet, unlighted but turned on, so that the gas mingles with the air respired. Sir B. W. Richardson, who originated the idea of a lethal chamber for the jetsam and flotsam of the canine world, used a rather more elaborate mixture of poisonous gases for the London Dogs' Home at Battersea. The animals are simply placed in an air-tight chamber, the gas is turned on, and they lie down and sleep painlessly away. Animal-lovers consider that this boon to the canine race would alone justify subscriptions to that charity.

Perhaps we are not all aware so fully as we should be that ordinary coal gas—"the gas" of the household—is so poisonous as it is. In many households a slight escape is tolerated with an indifference that can only grow out of ignorance of the degree to which the admixture of gas with the air breathed is injurious. The smallest escape really ought to be tracked to its origin as soon as the keenest nose discovers the existence of the flaw. Noses, like all the other organs of sense, vary in acuteness, and because you cannot smell gas escaping that somebody else detects, or because you can and everybody else fails to perceive the odour, it must not be supposed that the one who does detect it is mistaken.

Descending gas-pendants in bed-rooms are too dangerous to be sanctioned. Even gas-stoves are not without peril, as was recently shown by the case of a girl suffering from toothache who went to her room to lie down, taking with her a small saucepan of gruel, which she stood over the gas-fire to warm up. Meanwhile she dropped into a brief doze; the gruel boiled over and put out the flame, the gas escaped, and the sufferer never awoke again. Whether death is really painless in such cases, who can say? It is abundantly testified, however, that the face is calm and peaceful after such a death. But most people do not want to be poisoned anyhow, and in the case of a small escape it is a matter of reducing health rather than of actual killing.

"Queen Victoria's Autobiography," as the Americans are already calling the Life that her Majesty has consented to overlook and correct, is to be published in the United States at a very high price. Only seven hundred copies of the two best editions are offered to the American market. The "Japanese paper" edition of one hundred copies is priced at ten pounds, and the other fine-paper edition is nearly four pounds. Such a singularly interesting work will soon go to a premium, as the "Queen Elizabeth" and "Mary Queen of Scots" issued by the same enterprising publishers have already done.

Oliver Schreiner's much anticipated book turns out to be rather a political tract than a novel of the same order as the "African Farm." Current politics in the form of fiction can scarcely be a success, since it is impossible to condescend to details as to the reforms desired. This book will be much read for its fine poetic style and its intensity, but as a contribution to Cape politics it is by no means so interesting as a series of articles that the same writer published in a periodical recently.

A lady has been elected on the committee of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society for the first time

in its history. This high-class literary association has existed since 1792, and, like all other public bodies, was exclusively managed by men, without any attempt at a share in it being taken by women till very recently. In 1893 a lady candidate for the committee was nominated, but not returned. At the most recent election, a couple of weeks ago, two ladies were nominated, and one was returned. The chosen lady is one already of distinction: Miss Stevenson, who is daughter of the late M.P. for South Shields, is an honours graduate of Cambridge, having taken the Classical Tripos and second-class honours in the Moral Science Tripos. It is not quite explicable why the "governing sex" should object to the presence of a few ladies on such a committee as this; yet not only was there unwillingness to accept ladies at Newcastle, but at the most "cultured" of the Metropolitan subscription libraries, and almost the only one managed by a committee of the subscribers, the London Library, it has proved impossible to get a lady on the committee.

That many of us are apt, however, to reverse "whatever is right," and instinctively suppose that "whatever is not is wrong," was surely shown when the proposal to admit Dublin women to the municipal franchise of their city was debated in the House of Commons on Tuesday of last week. Englishwomen in every town have the similar vote, and exercise it in considerable numbers, and nothing remarkable or at all objectionable has resulted. Yet the proposal to extend the same right to Irishwomen in Dublin was as hotly opposed as if it had been a complete innovation. The "instruction" was, nevertheless, carried. It is only a few months since, it may be mentioned, that the women of Ireland were first permitted to offer their services to the public as guardians of the poor, in which capacity over 800 Englishwomen were already sitting, having been elected by the ratepayers.

A memorial window in a church has the association in the mind of being almost necessarily dedicated to one departed. But the decision of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to adopt this form of thanksgiving for the great age attained by both their still living parents is not so absolutely novel as some persons suppose. Sir E. Burne-Jones, who has designed the window to be placed by the Gladstone family in Hawarden Church, has himself placed



A HIGH EVENING BODICE.

a handsome window in the little church at Rottingdean, near Brighton, as a memorial of the marriage of his daughter at its altar. The distinguished artist has a cottage in the village, and spends a large part of the year therein. F. F.-M.

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FROM BUFFALO TO PITTSBURG.

A RAILWAY EXPERIENCE OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

Maud and I had been in the United States—that is, New York—for six weeks before we took our first railway trip, which was to Niagara in the month of February, and we were simply charmed with the comfort of the journey. As we left by the evening train we had to pass the night "on board," and most delightful we found it. Our private state-room was gorgeous in red velvet and gilded mirrors, and the beds cosy and snug, and had the train but swung a little less there would have been nothing left to desire.

The following morning at seven we had an excellent breakfast in the dining-car, with a menu apparently comprising every known dish under the sun, and which, at first sight, overwhelmed us with its length. We did justice to two or three *plats*, very well cooked and served, and should have probably managed more had not our attention been drawn to the enormous breakfast being consumed by a young frail-looking girl sitting near us. She had begun at the same time that we had, and was still going on an hour later, when we got out at Niagara. This is some of what she had. Her operations commenced with a large dish of porridge with a teaspoonful of golden syrup and a half-pint of cream as accessories; then four soft-boiled eggs all smashed up in a tumbler, which she ate with a dessert-spoon and no bread; six scalloped oysters next followed; then a by no means small mutton chop with grilled tomatoes, steak and fried potatoes, with unlimited muffins and coffee between courses. We forgot all about our breakfasts, and sat there lost in admiration at first at her prowess, but after I think we were just a little disgusted. What made it worse in our eyes, unreasonable as it may sound, was that she *relished* everything so thoroughly.

Our two days passed very pleasantly at Niagara; but as this is a place that has been described so often, there is no need for me to recapitulate what one does and sees there. From Niagara we wanted to get to Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, and by consulting the time-table we found that by leaving at 8 a.m. we got an express at Buffalo which would land us at our destination at 9.30 p.m. This suited us exactly, and off we started. As I remarked to Maud, "Railway travelling is made so easy and luxurious here that it is really a pleasure to go anywhere, knowing how comfortable and well looked after we shall be." Alas! I was destined to recall these words, and substitute something very different before another day dawned.

After about an hour we steamed into Buffalo, and having a wait of nearly three hours there, we left our luggage under the care of a porter and sallied forth to reconnoitre the town. We were not at all particularly impressed with Buffalo; it looked extremely dirty, owing to a recent thaw, and we consequently had to walk along carefully, our dresses well up, to avoid the numerous deep puddles that adorned the paths. I was just tripping over one enormous black puddle at the side of a kind of square, when boom, boom, boom! went something about two feet behind me, with a deafening noise that nearly knocked the houses down. I plunged madly into the pool, the blood rushing into my head with lightning rapidity, my umbrella, purse, and muff flying in different directions, and stared wildly around expecting to see half the town blown up, and human fragments, including some of my own probably, for I felt shattered to pieces, flying in the air! What I did see was Maud, limp with terror, clinging to a lamp-post for support, her muff and umbrella on the other side of the road, and last, but not least, about six men, doubled up with laughter at our realistic fright, standing by a huge smoking cannon, which they had just fired off in honour of its being the anniversary of George Washington's birthday. We were in a strange country and nobody knew us, so it didn't matter what we said, and we said it.

When that was done we felt better, and once out of sight of the silly idiots, and our nerves and dignity calmed down somewhat, we even began to giggle ourselves. We were in a most pitiable state from the mud, which attracted the attention of an old lady who was coming toward us, and who stopped suddenly short and said, with a face full of amazement and horror—

"Wal! I never did, in all my born days!"

"Never did what?" we inquired anxiously, as she seemed so truly concerned.

"Never have I seen two young women walking about on such a muddy day, and not a rubber [golosh] between them!"

This little interference was allowed to pass without a rebuff, as it is a way the Americans have of saying what comes into their head first, no matter where and to whom, and as we had now been in the great States for six weeks, as I previously said, we were beginning to understand their idiosyncrasies a little.

We took the omnibus back to the station, not feeling equal to any more little jokes on the part of the Buffalonians that might await us in the streets should we walk back. On arrival at the station, we most carefully verified

the time of arrival at Pittsburg—namely, at 9.30 p.m.—had our luggage registered, secured two seats in the saloon car, and settled ourselves down for at least five hours before we had to make our one change at Dunkirk or Franklin, I forget which now.

We had a very good lunch, and as the track ran along the side of Lake Erie nearly the whole time we had something to look at beside the country, which looked very flat and barren as far as we could judge. We had just got into a very interesting conversation with a lady and her husband, who had a big salmon cannery at San Francisco, when the train pulled up with a jerk, and the conductor put his head inside the car, saying "Change here for Youngstown." As this conveyed no meaning to us, never having even heard of such a place before, we went on calmly talking, until glancing out of the window I happened to see my biggest trunk being wheeled off by a porter to the opposite side of the platform, where another train was in waiting. To get out of the car and fly after the man was the work of a moment. In answer to my question of "Where are you taking that trunk to? It is for Pittsburg, and it belongs to me," I was told "Wal, I guess if you wants your trunk and yourself to get to Pittsburg, anyway, you had best change right here and look real spry, for she'll be off in a jiffy." Back to the already moving train I rushed, just as Maud was being hurried down the steps by the conductor, and our two dressing-bags shot out, one after the other, on top of us.

"Throw out the rugs, please," I implored our San Friscan friends, whose heads had just appeared at the window, "and the two umbrellas!"

They managed the rugs, but our cherished brollies were not forthcoming at the time, although they were found subsequently, half a mile along the line. "Well," I said to Maud, when I had recovered my breath, "what a donkey that conductor was not to tell us before that we changed

"Oh, wal, if you know so much better than me, that's all right; but as it happens, there are two companies at Buffalo, and it all depends what porter you get hold of: if he belongs to the St. Louis Railway you gets the express and you goes by Dunkirk; if he's a Lake Erie Company man, wal, you just has to go a bit slower, that's all. I reckon he was a Lake Erie man you encountered this morning."

I draw a veil over the outburst of indignation and rage that followed this perky porter's speech, Maud and I being anything but patient Griseldas—quite the reverse, in fact, and possess very healthy tempers of our own, which were now very freely indulged. I know it was lacking dignity; but, still, it was far from unreasonable considering the provocation we had. There we were, at a little hole of a station in the wilds of Ohio, from 2.30 p.m. till midnight, about three miles from the town, and the roads quite four feet deep in thick green representative Ohio mud, and no such thing as a vehicle of any sort to be had for love or money. After about a quarter of an hour's indecision and hesitation, we finally made up our minds, and picking up our skirts, waded forth. Fortunately, there were boards laid down the whole way on the paths, although they were so slippery with the slimy filth that we had to go very gingerly.

When we at length reached Ashtabula itself, things began to look up a bit. After many directions by various wondering natives, who appeared quite overwhelmed with astonishment at the extraordinary sight of "strangers" in their benighted village, we at last arrived at the hotel, and there promptly got our clothes and boots cleansed a little. A cup of good strong tea and some nice hot cakes soon made us feel better, and we began to cheer up considerably. In the small parlour was a very decent piano, and the landlady thoughtfully brought us a music-book containing all the latest and best English songs to amuse ourselves with. These books, I may mention, are sold everywhere

in America very cheaply, and I afterwards smuggled several into England with me—this quite *entre nous* of course, as it is strictly forbidden by the Customs Department. We sang and read, and pottered about generally, until we were summoned to supper, which was served in a cheerful-looking room adjoining, and where about twenty men and three or four females were already assembled. We felt rather shy at first, as they "took stock" so very openly, and had no pity whatever on our manifested disinclination to hear ourselves thus audibly commented upon. However, "after a while," as they themselves say, we saw that no rudeness was intended—quite the contrary—and when we had satisfied their natural curiosity as to why and how we got there, they were all most kind and sympathetic, and verified all our friend the porter had said.

The meal proved most agreeable; quaint tales were told with much simple piquancy, and numerous anecdotes about similar railway experiences politely introduced, I am sure because they saw our hearts were still full of

vindictiveness against the Lake Erie Company, and also told with a view to comforting us, which they certainly did, both of us being of such despicable characters that intense relief is felt in our times of woe by hearing others have shared the same, or, better still, worse misfortunes before us! We went back to the parlour, the supper over, and were wondering what to do with ourselves in the five hours that had yet to elapse before starting for the station, when the door opened and one of the young men entered, saying rather diffidently, "There's a barn-dance to be given by the coloured men to-night right opposite, and I should strongly recommend you to attend it, as I presume for you Britishers it will be a real cur'ous sight." We thanked him very much, and told him we should be delighted to go, which we sincerely were. Accordingly, about 8 p.m., we encased our feet in enormous borrowed rubbers—the ladies of Ashtabula are like the German student's saying, "Not pretty, but got big feet"—and were piloted across to the granary, where we found the coloured people already assembled, who gave us a hearty welcome. Very seldom have I enjoyed an entertainment more, either before or since. The quaint dances imaginable, accompanied by fiddles and plantation songs, with one man always told off to shout out the different figures, and how they were to be danced; the honest negro faces glowing with delight and unmistakable enjoyment, the old men and women especially giving themselves more little flirtatious airs and graces than any young debutante of eighteen at her first ball; the old, toothless, white-haired grandmother, in her ninety-third year, enjoying it as much as her youngest great-grandchild—all were delightful. One dance by the younger members especially enchanted us. This is the "Plantation Quadrille," the principal figure being like this: a long grand chain, with the couples stationed some distance apart, and before the hand of the next person could be reached, each one, but particularly the women, did a *pas seul*, composed of different swaying movements of the body, which were most graceful and pretty. The older people seated round the room kept rhythmic time to the music and dance by clapping their hands together, then on



Our attention was drawn to the enormous breakfast being consumed by a young frail-looking girl sitting near us.

here! If I had not fortunately seen the box, we should have been whirled off to Chicago, or wherever the train goes, before we knew where we were. What's the name of this place, porter—Dunkirk?"

"No; this is Ashtabula, Miss."

"Well, we want to go to Pittsburg; have we long to wait?"

"Here's the train on your left, and you starts in five minutes, and you changes at Youngstown."

Off we went to secure good seats, but at the entrance of the car we stopped short. What had become of the luxurious saloons? This train consisted of two long, ugly bare cars; no first class at all as far as we could see, no nice cushions, no little tables, no nothing! We looked at each other in blank dismay. Maud asked—

"How long before we get to Youngstown?"

The following comforting reply came—

"In about five hours, as this is a slow train, and stops at every station."

"Oh! how awful!" I exclaimed; "but there must be some mistake, as we were told at Buffalo that we had only to change once—at Dunkirk, I think—and that both trains were express."

"M'yes," responded the porter, with a broad grin, "but then you should have gone on the other line altogether. You won't see Pittsburg before half-past eight to-morrow morning, *anyway*"—and with great unction—"if you takes my advice, you'll just stay quietly where you are, and take the express at midnight to Youngstown, instead of takin' this old slow one; because you'll only have to wait *there* if you don't, and Youngstown's a real 'orrid 'ole, while here there's a nice comfortable little hotel where you'll be as comfortable as can be."

We stood speechless for quite a minute, not understanding the reason of the upset of all our cut-and-dried times; then I demanded, but with a quaking of coming evil—

"What are you talking about? It's disgraceful that you don't know your duty better. I saw in the time-table myself that by leaving Buffalo at midday we got into Pittsburg at nine o'clock that night."

one knee, then on the other, stamping the foot the while, and singing the following verse with great gusto—

Hoe de corn, hoe de corn, Moses,
Hoe de corn, Moses, hoe de corn;
Come away from dat winder,
My lub and my dub,
Come away from dat winder
Don't you hear me? Oh, my!
Come some odder night,
For there's going to be a fight;
There'll be razors a-flying in de air.

I am afraid I have not given a very lucid account of this dance, but somehow it seems impossible to be more explicit

gown adorned with two cakes of mud, each measuring a quarter of a yard in diameter, and how the discovery made me explode into anger once more that day, and vow that Mr. Vanderbilt, being chief proprietor of that horrid railway, should be sued for it; how we changed at Youngstown in the dead of night; how we finally reached Pittsburg the next morning at 9.30, to find our luggage, in spite of their excellent system of registration, had been left behind and was coming on by the next train; how our friends had left Pittsburg in despair and gone home, some fifty miles away; how we spent quite five dollars in explanatory telegrams, which brought them back as quickly as possible; how at last we all met, friends,

between the sixth and eleventh centuries. He seems to suggest that at the commencement of this period there was an Italian autochthonous art, more or less modified by Byzantine influences; and he attempts to show, in opposition to Ruskin and others, that the invasion of the Lombards almost succeeded in destroying Italian art altogether. Of this decadence the sarcophagi at Ravenna, attributed to the eighth century, afford the most striking proof. A century later a sudden change in style and a marked refinement of decoration are traceable by Professor Cattaneo to a fresh influx of Greek workmen. Happily this influence served to arouse the latent adaptability of the Italian mind to art, and before the eleventh century was out of its teens the



Just before the ball was declared finished, a long procession of couples was formed, who walked in their very best manner round the room three times before the criticising eyes of a jury of a dozen old people, who selected the best turned-out pair, and gravely presented them with a large plum cake.

with mere words, the great charm being the wonderfully graceful sways of the litho *svelte* figures, which are simply indescribable. The origin of that elegant expression, "taking the cake," had previously been an enigma to me, if I had ever thought about it before, but it was suddenly explained in an unexpected and most practical way. Just before the ball was declared finished a long procession of couples was formed, who walked in their very best manner round the room three times before the criticising eyes of a jury of a dozen old people, who selected the best turned-out pair, and gravely presented them with a large plum cake.

It is not necessary to dwell on how, a little later on, we reached the station by the "omnibus," a little low, dirty, open cart; how I found my brand-new travelling-

selves, luggage, and all; how, once our troubles ended, we allowed ourselves the pleasure of enjoying our adventures, *once they were finished*—all this, I say, is not worth recording at length.

M.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Professor Cattaneo is well known as an authority on Early Italian Art whose researches into the architectural history of San Marco at Venice is a recognised text-book. In *Architecture in Italy* (Fisher Unwin), which is now presented in an English form, Professor Cattaneo pursues the line of criticism taken up in his earlier work. His object is to show the development which Italian architecture—especially in the Lagoon country—underwent

Lombardic style, as we now call it, was dominant throughout the greater part of Italy, Rome and Venice excepted. The value of Professor Cattaneo's researches and criticisms lies in the careful investigation of the data upon which other writers on early Italian architecture have founded their theories. Professor Cattaneo would divide the period with which he especially deals, A.D. 568 to A.D. 1050, into three distinct phases—the Latin-Barbarian art of the Lombard rule, the Byzantine-Barbarian style, and the Italian-Byzantine. Professor Cattaneo's work is obviously the result of careful observation. Nevertheless, not a single word is said of the most noteworthy—although now buried and forgotten—city of the Lagoons, Sta. Maria Pomposa, where the Professor would have found a complete object-lesson of his theory.

LIFE'S RUE AND ITS WINE.

*'For One shall Grasp and One Resign,
One drink Life's Rue and One its Wine;
And God shall make the Balance Good.'*—

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'—WHITTIER.

'Behold, we know not anything! I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—TENNYSON.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies.

Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the Earliest Stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on any DISORDERED or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is in fact NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

THE UPPER DISTRICTS OF THE CONGO.—BLOOD POISONS.—A GENTLEMAN WRITES: 'ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is without doubt the first in its class in febrifuge preparations. During my journeyings from Zanzibar to the Upper Districts of the Congo, as well as a long residence in the Tropics, I have never felt safe without it. I am at present in England on three months' leave.—Yours truly, VERITAS.'

Examine each Bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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'Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.'—Times.

THE MORAL—NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS. PREVENTION.

HUGE BLUNDER.—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we calmly allow MILLIONS to DIE of, and HUNDREDS of MILLIONS to SUFFER from, VARIOUS PREVENTABLE DISEASES, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

THE TRANSVAAL!!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA. LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.

'I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my stomach in order by the USE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid, I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say, that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the fly country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.

'Yours faithfully, TRUTH, Nov. 16, 1896.'

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is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a soft, velvety, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.

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Balmoral Castle,
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Please forward to Balmoral.
Castle one dozen tins of 2/6.
Bengers food for H. I. M.
The Empress of Russia
addressed to Mess Coster
we have received the box
ordered from Peterhoff
Yours truly
J Coster

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, E. P. VULLIAMY (Glasbury).—Your two-mover is well constructed, but the idea of the Queen's play with Bishop is so very hackneyed that we could not publish it.

PION NOIR.—They shall be reported upon at an early date.

A. W. DANIEL.—We fear your problem is rather too weak for our purpose.

T. J. ANDREWS.—Received with thanks.

F. PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—Dials, of course.

E. J. PATTERSON (Springhall).—Yes, it is interesting, but, as you say, not quite master play.

NORMAN ALLISTON.—Your problem with Queen at R 6th shall appear. The other is too slight for our use.

J. MACDONALD.—We will make room for your problem in due course.

J. E. LAURENT (Bombay).—There is no mate in two moves in any of the problems you have sent.

G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—Your problem is not quite equal to our standard for publication.

G. L. GILLIESPIE.—Two solutions besides your own, by 1. Q to R 4th (ch), and 1. Kt takes Kt, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2751 and 2752 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2753 from Thomas E. Laurent (Bombay), and Upenanath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2756 from H. S. Brandreth (Cairo); of No. 2757 from Matfield; of No. 2758 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Maximilian Pulzer (Fiume), Norman Alliston (Crefeld), Matfield, J. Sowden, C. A. Hill, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. A. Erskine (Berlin), Eugene Henry, J. Bailey Newark, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), B. B. Crozier (Dublin), T. G. Ware, Fortamps (Brussels), A. G. Filby (Bromley), Z. Ingold (Frampton), Ubique, and The Tid (East Sheen).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2759 received from Frank Proctor, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), Z. Ingold (Frampton), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Matfield, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Norman Alliston (Crefeld), Sydney V. Galloway (Cambridge), E. P. Vulliamy, Fred I. Gross, H. B. S. (Saffron Walden), G. L. Gilliespie, Alpha, Shadforth, W. David (Cardiff), Bluet, W. C. A. Barnard (Uppingham), C. M. A. B. Miss D. Gregson (Manchester), S. Davis (Leicester), J. M. Shillington, Charles Burnett, C. E. M. (Ayr), C. F. Josling (Dover), F. J. Candy (Croydon), H. Le Jeune, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), T. Batty (Colchester), Sorrento, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), F. James (Wolverhampton), T. Roberts, C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Brooks, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), F. Waller (Luton), T. Chown, Ubique, Maurice Sutcliffe (Manchester), H. T. Atterbury, Dane John, G. J. Veal, O. McLeod, F. A. Carter (Maldon), H. Falkner, E. Loudon, and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2758. By J. F. ANDREWS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Kt 4th. Any move
2. Mate accordingly.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played between MESSRS. McCUTCHEON (Brooklyn Chess Club) and JACOBS (British Chess Club).
(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. McC.). BLACK (Mr. J.).
1. P to K 4th. P to Q 4th.
2. P takes P. Kt to K B 3rd.
In this variation Black tempts White to retain his Pawn at the expense of giving Black an open game.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt takes P.
4. Kt takes Kt.
It is certainly unwise to give Black freedom in this way.
4. Q takes Kt.
5. Kt to B 3rd. Kt to B 3rd.
6. P to Q 4th. B to B 4th.
7. B to Q 3rd. Kt to Kt 5th.
8. B takes B.
9. K to Q 2nd. P to K 3rd.
10. P to Q R 3rd. Q to B 5th (ch).
11. K to K 2nd. Kt to K 5th (ch).
12. K to Q 2nd. Kt to B 3rd.
13. P to B 3rd. Castles.
14. Q to K 2nd. White resigns.

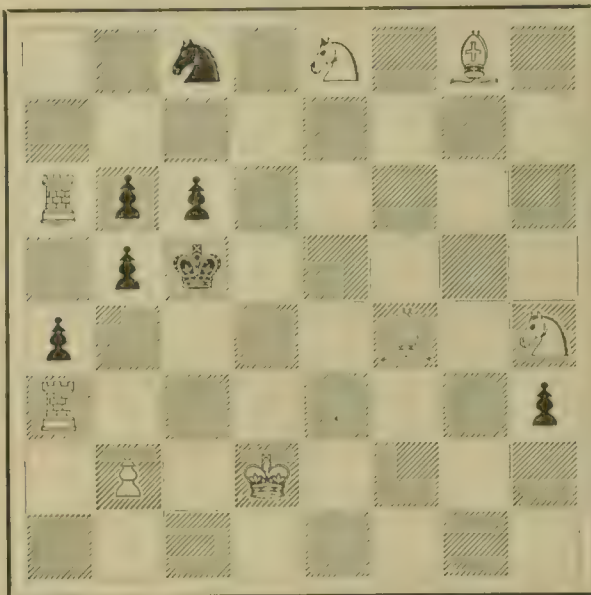
CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played at Berlin between MESSRS. WALBRODT and HEINRICHSEN.
(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H.). BLACK (Mr. W.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd.
3. B to B 4th. B to B 4th.
4. P to Q Kt 4th. B takes P.
5. P to B 3rd. B to R 4th.
6. Castles. Kt to K B 3rd.
This makes a departure from the usual lines, and it will be found that the result does not justify its adoption. The move is P to Q 3rd, which is a safeguard against immediate danger.
7. P to Q 4th. Castles.
8. P takes K P. K Kt takes P.
9. B to Q 5th. Kt to B 4th.
10. Kt to Kt 5th. P to K R 3rd.
Q to K 2nd is suggested as better for Black, and the sacrifice which follows would be unsound.
11. Kt takes B P. R takes Kt.
12. B takes R (ch). K takes B.
13. Q to Q 5th (ch). Kt to K 3rd.
14. P to K B 4th. B to Kt 3rd (ch).
WHITE (Mr. H.). BLACK (Mr. W.).
15. K to R sq. Kt to K 2nd.
16. Q to K B 3rd.
The position that now arises is one of much interest, and will afford scope for analysis. White threatens a disagreeable attack by P to B 5th, etc.
17. P to B 5th.
The attack is cleverly conducted. If now Kt takes P the reply is P to Kt 4th, winning the piece. In any case Black gets a broken-up position.
17. P takes P.
18. Q to R 5th (ch). K to Kt sq.
19. B takes R P. P to Q 3rd.
20. Kt to K B 3rd. P to B 5th.
21. Kt to Q 2nd. P to Q 4th.
22. Q R to K B sq. B to Q 2nd.
23. Q to Kt 4th (ch). K to B 2nd.
24. R takes P (ch). Kt takes R.
25. Q to Kt 7th (ch). and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2761.—By C. DAHL (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Some interesting Roman remains, supposed to have formed a well in their original condition, have been discovered in Thames Street, Windsor, during the progress of some building work. A subterranean chamber, long since walled up, has also been disclosed, which is conjectured to have formed the entrance to an underground passage leading to Windsor Castle.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1895) with two codicils (dated Jan. 21 and April 30, 1896) of Mrs. Maria Overend, widow of the late Mr. William Overend, Q.C., M.P., J.P., of West Retford House, Retford, Nottinghamshire, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 15 at the Nottingham District Registry by Walter Brown, Charles Wilkinson Lister-Kaye, and Philip Kenyon Wake, the executors. The value of the personal estate amounts to £358,504, and of the real estate to £4750. The estate duty paid amounts to £25,456. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary, the Sheffield Royal Hospital, the Sheffield Girls' Charity School, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, the East London Hospital for Children, and the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; £2000 each to the Jessop Hospital for Women, the Sheffield Boys' Charity School, the Sheffield Institution for the Blind (Glossop Road), the Sheffield Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Yorkshire Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Birmingham Deaf and Dumb Institution; £1000 each to the Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb (Oxford Street, London), the Children's Hospital (Broad Street, Birmingham), the Women's Hospital (Upper Priory, Birmingham), St. Mary's Hospital (Cambridge Place, Paddington), the Workshop Dispensary, the Northern Counties Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, the Missions to Seamen, the Cancer Hospital (Fulham Road), the Sheffield Children's Hospital, the Sheffield Nurses' Home, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Charity Organisation Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Royal National Life-boat Institution, the Railway Benevolent Institution, Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, the Sheffield Aged Female Society, the Church of England Educational Institute (Sheffield), the Cottage Hospital at Retford, and for the maintenance of the fabric of St. Lawrence's Church, Tinsley, Sheffield; £500 each to St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of the Poor Clergy, the Corps of Commissionaires (London), the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Devonshire Hospital (Buxton), the Royal Society for Assisting Discharged Prisoners, the Gordon Boys' Home, the Egypt Exploration Fund, the Soldiers' Home (Sheffield), the Sheffield Church of England Scripture Readers' Society, the Sheffield Female Protection Society, for the restoration of the Church of South Leverton, for the benefit of the Church of England Schools at Tinsley, and to the Vicars and Churchwardens of St. Lawrence Church, Tinsley, of East Retford, and of West Retford for the benefit of the poor, all free of legacy duty. She also bequeaths legacies amounting to over £110,000, also free of duty, to relatives, friends, servants, and others. The residue of her estate she leaves equally between a nephew and niece, and a niece of the late Mr. George Hounsfield, her first husband.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1896) of Mr. William Dugdale, J.P., D.L., of Symondstone Hall, Paddeham, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 9 last, was proved at the Lancaster

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District Registry on Jan. 18 by Mrs. Mary Ollivant Lord, Mrs. Jane E. Clerk, and Mrs. Sarah Louisa Creek, the daughters, and the Rev. Henry Haworth and the Rev. James Alexander Maxwell Johnstone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £282,017. The testator gives £500 each to his grandsons; £2000 each to his nieces Sarah Alice Dugdale, Mary Jane Dugdale, and Elizabeth Ellen Dugdale; £2000 to Mary Anne Harland; £1000 to Editha Harland; £500 to John Dugdale Moore; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three daughters and their issue.

The late Mr. Thomas Porter, of Erleigh, Whiteknights, Reading, who died on Jan. 6, by his will appoints his wife, Mrs. Porter, Mr. Edwin Waterhouse, Mr. W. W. F. Bourne, and Mr. A. H. Backhouse trustees and executors. The testator gives £36,000, his house, Erleigh, Whiteknights, and its contents, together with his horses, carriages, and farm stock, to his wife; £500 to each executor except Mrs. Porter; £1000 each to Mr. T. E. Bidgood and the Rev. W. Barnard; legacies in proportion to the length of service to each of his indoor and outdoor servants; £9000 to his nephew H. J. A. Porter; £5000 to his nephew Frederick Porter; and a like amount to his niece Mary G. Porter (now Mrs. Backhouse); £5000, to be held in trust, for Mrs. Georgiana Porter, widow of his brother Henry, for life, and then to be divided equally between their children; and £20,000 to be divided equally between the children of his late brother, George Porter.

He bequeaths his residuary estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and after her death to be divided among the children of his brothers Henry and George as his wife shall appoint. In default of appointment, one moiety of the residue is to be divided equally between the children of his brother Henry, and the other moiety equally between the children of his brother George. The net value of the personal estate has been sworn at £252,145 8s.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1888) of Mr. Charles Graham, of Lincoln's Inn and 30, Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, was proved on Feb. 11 by Thomas Henry Boileau Graham, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £105,147. The testator devises and bequeaths to his said nephew, his executors, administrators, and assigns, absolutely, all his real and personal estate.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Nov. 8, 1895), with a codicil (dated Sept. 30, 1896), of Mr. William Jameson, J.P., of 56, Stanhope Gardens, South Kensington, and formerly of Montrose, Dublin, who died on Oct. 26, granted to James Arthur Henry Jameson and William Bellingham Jameson, the sons and executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £95,164. The testator bequeaths £7500, upon trust, for his son Charles Villiers Jameson; £1000 to his daughter Helen Maud Jameson; £4500 to his daughter Elizabeth A. E. St. Leger Jameson; £22,000 to his son James Arthur Henry Jameson; four mortgages on the estates of his son-in-law, Captain Gillman, to the

trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Norah Gillman; and £3500 and £3000, upon trust for, and £4000 to, his wife. On her death, £3500 is to be held upon trust for his son Charles Villiers Jameson, and £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. May Deering. Subject to the life interest of his wife in the sum of £19,500, the funds of his marriage settlement, he gives £4000, part thereof, to his daughter Helen Maud Jameson; £1500 to his daughter Norah Gillman; £4500 to his daughter Elizabeth A. E. St. Leger Jameson; £1000 to his daughter Emily Constance Crabb; £2000 to his son James Arthur Henry Jameson; and the remainder of the funds thereof, in default of appointment by his wife, to all his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son James Arthur Henry Jameson. The late Mr. Jameson states that he has set apart large sums, but still in his possession, for his son William Bellingham Jameson; and he now gives these sums to his son, but charged with the payment of £1000 to the trustees of the sum of £19,500. The provisions made for his children by his will are to be in addition to those already made for them in his lifetime.

The Irish probate of the will of Mr. William Robert Masaroon, J.P., of 15, Calverley Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died at Belfast on Nov. 4, granted to Arthur Gayer Masaroon, the son, James Gamble and Percy Gordon Scholefield, the executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £43,197. The testator gives annuities of

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The will of Major-General George Borlase Tremeneheere, J.P., F.R.G.S., of Treneere, Torquay, and formerly of 13, Spring Grove, Isleworth, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Feb. 4 by Mrs. Sarah Swayne Tremeneheere, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £6509.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1895) of Sir Edmund Grimani Hornby, J.P., of 9 and 10, Wellswood Park, Torquay, and Lenson Lodge, Ashburton, who died on Nov. 17 at Rapallo, Italy, was proved on Feb. 17 by Dame Emily Augusta Hornby, the widow, and Thomas Parr, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,104.

The will of Mrs. Lydia Underdown, of 71, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, widow, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on Feb. 4 by Miss Florence Dacomb Underdown and Miss Emily Underdown, the daughters, and Mr. Herbert William Underdown, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4696 6s. 5d.

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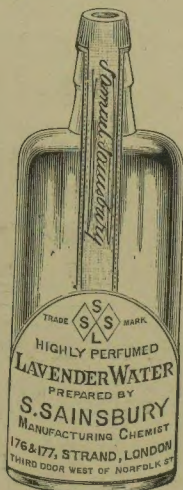
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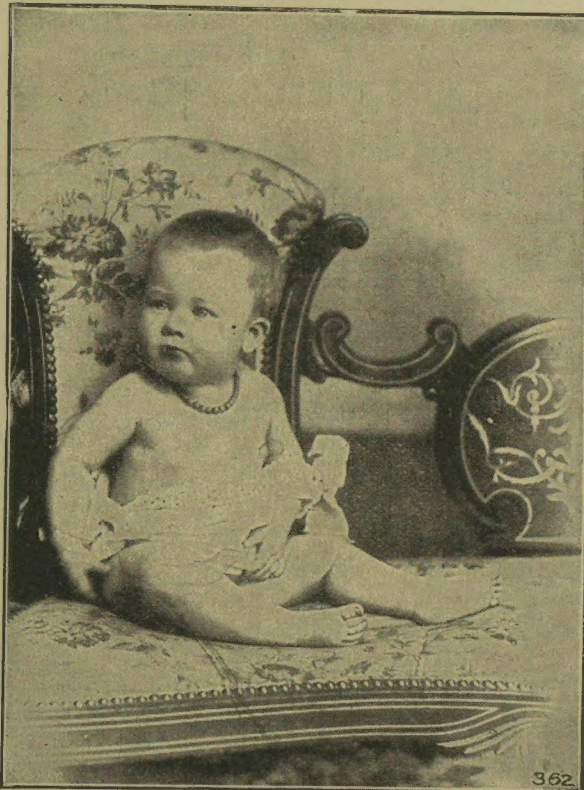
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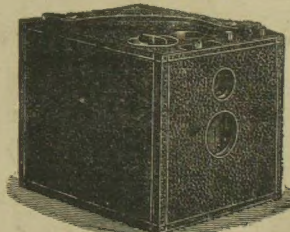
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Arrangements have now been satisfactorily concluded for the meeting of her Majesty's wish that the "Queen's Road" between the two lodge gates at Osborne, which was lately illustrated in our pages, shall be closed, for the sake of increasing the privacy of the royal grounds. The sum of £2000, which was originally offered to the District Council by the Queen's solicitors as compensation for the closing of the road, did not commend itself as sufficient, and so her Majesty's representatives made a fresh offer of a gift of land, and the construction of a new road from East Cowes to Whippingham, which have been accepted.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen arrived at Washington on Saturday last, and were to spend the ensuing week as the guests of Sir Julian Pauncefote at

the British Embassy. A large reception was given on Wednesday at the Embassy in their honour.

The anniversary of the birth of George Washington was loyally kept by all good Americans resident in London on Monday last. In this connection it is perhaps interesting to recall the fact that the home of the English forebears of the first President of the United States, in the Northamptonshire village of Brington, is still in good preservation. Unlike the haunts of many bygone celebrities, the English home of the Washingtons is beyond the reach of doubt, for the history of the house has remained well and continuously authenticated. The Washington family loyally adhered to the King's cause in the Great Rebellion, and during the rule of the Commonwealth the surviving head of the family, Sir John Washington, fled over the

seas and fixed his abode in Virginia, where he achieved the distinction of becoming the lineal ancestor of the future President. The last ancestor of the great American buried in English ground was one Laurence Washington, whose tomb is still to be seen, bearing the date 1616, in the parish church of Brington.

An interesting amateur revival of "Sweet Lavender" took place at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, on Feb. 19, when Mr. Pinero's charming comedy was done justice to. Mr. Arthur Waugh was the American, Horace Bream; his wife was Ruth Rolt; Mr. Sydney Pawling was the solicitor, Mr. Maw; and Mrs. C. G. Compton acted very cleverly as Minnie Giltillian. The following evening a much less satisfactory performance of the same play was given by the Old Tenisonians' Dramatic Club in St. George's Hall.



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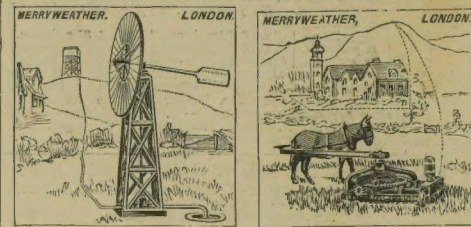
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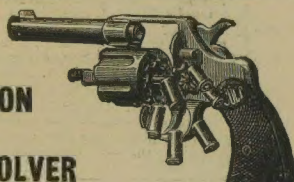
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